"MARIAN":
MODERN PIONEER WOMAN

PEARL E. BROWN

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"Marian":

Modern Pioneer Woman

BY

PEARL E. BROWN

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"Marian" at Work

Earle B. Searcy

Illinois State Fair, 1955

"Marian's" Helper

Chapter I

Beginnings

"Oh, Dad, I have a new job!"

Maude Nation's grey eyes were dancing with excitement, as she burst into the living room of the two-story white frame house, across from Iles Park, in Springfield, Illinois.

"Doing what?" inquired Amy, her younger sister, turning from the piano, on which she had been practicing.

Charles Nation lowered his newspaper.

"Yes, Maude?"

"Beginning tomorrow night, I'll be a proofreader for the Illinois State Journal!" cried Maude, tossing aside her broad-brimmed white leghorn hat, with its huge blue bow, and freeing her healthy blond hair.

"Oh, that," commented Amy, and resumed her piano practice.

The old wooden rocker slowly got into motion, as Maude's father looked out across the street to the park for a few moments. Then, turning to his daughter, he said, "Well, Maude, I've always told you that an opportunity of some sort would present itself for whatever you wanted to do badly enough. Your greatest desire has been to write. This may give you a chance to begin. Good luck!"

Maude Nation had had no experience in newspaper work, very little in any kind of business. For some months, she had been serving as bookkeeper for the Springfield Transportation Company, but had not been very happy in this work. Having seen an advertisement in the Journal for someone to do proofreading, she had applied for the job, believing herself capable. She could spell. Ever since early childhood, she had hated a misspelled word.

So it was that, in 1908, Maude Nation became the Illinois State Journal's first regular proofreader. Before that time, such work had been done by any one of the Journal staff who could find time for it. Today, some three hundred persons make up the Illinois State Journal and Register staff; there are many proofreaders. In 1908, however, the entire office staff of the Journal consisted of only seven or eight persons. Perhaps there were forty-five workers in all.

In the midst of that rugged newspaper world, monopolized by men, Maude Nation created a sensation, when on that first evening she entered the editorial room. The whole staff, including police reporter, mortuary man, editor, and others, looked up to see this young girl wearing a tan shantung dress, princess style, large leghorn hat, and black high topped laced shoes. She was only five feet two, with rosy cheeks and sparkling grey eyes.

The job that Maude had undertaken was no rosy pastime. The only woman in the building on the night force, often working overtime on rewrites,

with no additional pay, she was required, at times, also to help with the "Cynthia Lee" column, which was edited by a man. Being young and pretty, naturally, Maude attracted much attention, but she could take care of herself. The City Editor liked to tease her by calling her "Carrie," and got much amusement out of her refusal to answer to that name. Carrie Nation, of hatchet fame, was making the headlines then.

Journal quarters, in 1908, were a three-story brick building located on the same spot where now, in a more modern structure, with modern equipment, are the offices and work rooms of the Illinois State Journal and Register. Not only were working conditions then quite different from the present, but equipment was rather primitive in some respects. This serves as an example. An old wooden box, drawn by a hand pulley, carried copy from the basement to the second floor, and the proof down.

Streets and transportation in Springfield, Illinois, also were quite different from the facilities of the present. It was only in 1900 that the open air street car had made its maiden trip in the city, and at once became the popular pleasure ride to the end of the line and back—from the main intersection downtown, now Fifth and Monroe Streets, to Oak Ridge Cemetery, and return,—a distance of about three miles.

The first receiving station for Western Union came in about this time. The Chatterton Opera House was showing "Ben Hur." Dresses were floor

length. June 1, 1909, the Lincoln penny appeared. January 2, 1911, the commission form of government was adopted for the city.

Maude Nation Lanham says, "I will remember the horse-drawn cab that was sent over for me every evening, to the press building, by Springfield Transportation Company. We mounted from the rear, and I mean *mounted.* These vehicles were not only high, but, also, top-heavy. They would turn over easily. I was terribly afraid to go home in one of them.

"One time, we did land in a ditch, out on south Seventh Street. Another time, the cab stopped, and two men stuck their heads in at the back door. They were robbers, I suppose. They looked around, then one of them said, 'Oh, it's a woman,' closed the door, and went on, much to my relief."

Pioneering in proofreading was not without its difficulties. One mistake, Maude remembers, got by the proofreader on her night off. At a fashionable wedding in Springfield, was sung "My Love Is Like a Red, Red Rose." It came out in the paper next morning "My Love Is Like a Red Hot Rose." This mistake was a mild one.

Evidently, it was a warm day when the type was set, or the change might have been the fault of the printers, who paid little attention to revision. In those days, tramp printers would stop by, and work a shift or two, then move on. Sometimes, they delighted in setting up odd or ridiculous phrases, in the hope they would not be caught by the proof-

reader. They didn't worry. By the time the City Editor discovered the errors, the printers would be far away.

Earle Benjamin Searcy, re-elected in 1950 to a second term as Clerk of Illinois Supreme Court, was then a rosy-cheeked, rotund cub reporter, just out of Blackburn College, with a Bachelor of Arts degree, "and in my opinion," he said, "with an intelligence quotient of no mean proportions."

Here are some of the highlights secured from Mr. Searcy as reminiscences of his career of eight years (1908-1916) with the Journal:

"When I started in to learn how to use a typewriter, gather and write news, the editorial staff of the Journal had just three girls on its payroll, Hazel Bloom, Theresa and Mary Gorman, sisters. They worked for the most part in daytime hours, which leads to my memory concerning *Marian.*

"I had not been with the Journal very long when a new, charming young girl by the name of Maude Nation was introduced to us as a new staff member. Maude was destined, as it turned out, to help us reporters in our night reporting and writing, as well as proofreading. The formal Journal hours, for the actual reporting and proofreading staff, were from 2:00 P.M to 2:00 A.M. daily. From this, you'll get an idea of Maude's assignment. She was to stay until the final edition was put to bed, and thus, as I remember, became the first girl to work with us men on the late night shift.

"I remember Maude well, as of those days. Nor

have the years erased her basic virtues. She was shy, innocent and trusting. She spent much time upstairs reading proof, but now and then came down to help us with late rewrite stories that were phoned in. She looked askance at us males of careless mien and sometimes of even more careless vernacular, and, on occasion, I'm sorry to say, we took advantage of her naiveté. But, not seriously. Somehow, Maude trusted us rough and tumble guys so implicity that to have betrayed her in any way would have been a sin of major dimensions. So, we confined our jesting to minor projects, such as sending her upstairs to bring down a left-handed form wrench with which to *repair* the Associated Press telegraphic receiving set, and like errands. But, I'll say this for Maude, she never fell for a second jaunt, once she learned the jocular motives behind the original. She tolerated us, suffered the flexuous impositions that came with an all-male chorus, with one exception, herself; to the end that we came to admire her. We outdid ourselves trying to help her, and any one of us would have laid down his life rather than see harm come to her. Thus did Maude Nation ensconce herself in the hearts of the men with whom she worked.

"The Maude Nation of those four decades ago is the *Marian* of today. In private life, she is Maude Nation Lanham.

"When I came to the Journal, I felt the smart thing to do was to share my talents, and high degree of intelligence, with my associates. What I

didn't reckon with was Leigh Call, then City Editor. I guess he sort of psychoanalyzed my state of mind, he was an expert at it; in consequence of which my first few weeks were unmitigated hell. Finally, he put across to me that bit of old Grecian philosophy 'I know that I am wise because I know that I know nothing.' After that, it was a changed world. Leigh could be rough. He had a way of hauling a cub up to the paper rack, checking some mistake he had made, and shrinking him to the size of a shriveled olive. Then he would watch, and, if the tyro had the guts to try again, sooner or later, Leigh would drop by, pat him on the back, and encourage him. Leigh was a grand chap. He died November 19, 1952.

"J. Emil Smith, publisher of the Journal and Register, had been on the Journal, but had entered city politics the year I came to the staff. I got to know him that year, but we grew closer, later on, when he returned to the Journal, for a brief spell, as telegraph editor. Emil was elected City Clerk, then City Commissioner, and finally Mayor, achieving marked success in each berth.

"I look back upon my eight years as a State Journal staff member as the most interesting, the most enlightening of my life, not excepting my grim combat experience in World War I. Salaries were small, but experiences were rich. The gamut of stories ran all the way from personals to murders.

"My introduction to the criminal sequences in Sangamon County was grisly. In October of 1908, there was a legal hanging at the county jail. I was

assigned to cover it. Two months later, there was another. I was assigned that, also. In the winter that followed, I broke in, first, as state house reporter, then, in 1909, as legislative reporter. The most absorbing event of the 1909 legislative year was the election, by the general assembly, of William E. Lorimer to the United States senatorship. He was later unseated by the Senate, but he did have the distinction of having been the last United States Senator elected by the Illinois General Assembly. After 1909, they were named in direct popular elections.

"When I first went to work for the Journal, there were yet living a few old men who had known Abraham Lincoln personally. They included Dr. William Jayne, John W. Bunn, and others. I used to interview them for features. Springfield was visited, in those days, both by Presidents and foreign royalty. I had the fortune to meet and interview most of them. I remember several interesting visits with Shelby M. Cullom, Governor of Illinois in the late 1870's, and a personal friend of Lincoln, though twenty years his junior; and another with Ambassador Jesseurand, of France. I got to know Illinois governors intimately, from Charles S. Dineen to William G. Stratton.

"I remember an evening spent at the executive mansion when Edward F. Dunne was governor. I've forgotten the import of the affair, but we news folk were asked to, and did, show up in tuxedo and dress outfits. None of us owned any such outfit, so

we all rented them. When Governor Dunne came into the drawing room to greet us, he gave one look, then exclaimed: 'Well, as I live! Newspaper men disguised as gentlemen!'

"The most piteous story I covered was the inter-urban wreck near Staunton in 1910, in which thirty-seven persons were killed outright, and many others injured. The most thrilling story, I believe, was that of the arrival of the first airplane in Springfield. It was in 1910, when Walter Brookins flew down from Chicago. I still remember the tenseness before the arrival, and the explosion of excitement when the plane appeared from out of the north-east. Almost every Springfield resident was out to greet it.

"My career on the Journal staff ended in 1916, with a six weeks sojourn at Brownsville, Texas, with the Illinois troops sent to quell Border disturbances. About all we did was glower at the Mexicans across the Rio Grande, but I had a State Journal tent, and the Springfield end of the occupation was covered in style.

"Springfield has about doubled in population since my early Journal days. I hope my own sense of justice, wisdom and kindliness toward my fellow men has kept pace."

Maude Nation Lanham says that she was too busy with her work in those early days of her newspaper career to think of much else. Her first estimate of the young Mr. Searcy was that he was kind, gentlemanly, and alert, and that impression has lived through the years.

Chapter II

The Edwards Line

How did Maude Nation come by the courage and drive of her pioneering spirit? There were many possible sources. Much might have been inherited from her ancestors.

Most of us, if we worked at it scientifically and persistently enough, and, if we went back far enough in history, could discover some interesting and highly honored ancestors, as well as some with the reverse qualities. Few, however, might find so many men and women of pioneer and historical importance as can be traced in Maude Nation's family background.

Her mother, before her marriage, was Eunice Marinda Edwards. She belonged to the Edwards line which goes back to England and Wales, as does also, it seems, the line of Ninian Edwards who settled in Tennessee, in 1825. One of her father's brothers, in the early 1890's, made two trips to England and Wales, and visited kinsfolk there.

The inhabitants of the barren coast of Wales had settled there to escape the grinding restrictions of feudalism, but still there was a survival of the Gaelic clan system of government, in their laws of primogeniture, in effect in one way or another in all countries subject to English laws. Land could not be sold, but descended to the eldest son.

The Edwardses generally were farmers. Most of the English were, you know, because in England land was what was valued most. The Edwards clan had lived in one of the coastal villages of Wales for generations, and every inhabitant had the same family name, just as did the families in most other Welsh settlements. In the few cases where there was no son to inherit, the land fell to the eldest daughter. When she married, her husband took her family name, instead of the reverse, so that she might continue the control of the Edwards land.

It was in the interest of land that Charles Carter Edwards went to England and Wales. He was sent as a delegate by the Edwards heirs to the estate of Thomas Hael (or Hall) and Thomas Robert Edwards "original Grantees through Royal Grant" of seventy acres near what is now Troy, New York, and forty acres in the heart of Manhattan Island.

It is claimed that the land bordering the Hudson River, now between Christopher and Fulton Streets, New York City, was owned by Edwardses, in 1785, but was taken by persons who had no legal right to it. Thomas Robert Edwards, bachelor pirate, was lost at sea, but, before his last voyage, he made a will. He left his estate to his brothers and sisters, and their descendants, and included in the will, as always in those days, "and a pepper of corn," as we would say "a dollar and other valuable considerations."

Today, located on this ground are Wall Street, the Woolworth Building, and Trinity Church. For

many years now, the Edwards claimants to this estate have been attempting to come into their inheritance, through the highest courts of New York, in a suit against Trinity Church Corporation, probably the biggest property fight in legal history.

In 1930, locally organized groups of Edwards descendants united forces in an organization known as the International Consolidated Edwards Heirs, Incorporated. It included members living in Colorado, New York, Indiana, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Canada, England, Wales, and elsewhere. This organization is financing the court battle.

Lack of documents, and other legalities, have caused many difficulties and delays in the settlement of the case. For one thing, the Edwards will has been missing. A story handed down in one family was that a Lavinia Edwards had had it in in her possession, and that it and other valuable papers had burned up when the family homestead burned. A missing bill of sale has caused much controversy. Still, the litigation continues.

For the most part, it seems that the Edwards clan were God-fearing, upright people. "To have been descended from the branch of the Edwards, who were many of them distinguished, and none illiterate, and far above the average in patriotism, learning, and morality, is something to be proud of, and without vanity, or egotism," wrote Cyrus Edwards of Horse Cave, Kentucky, in 1924.

Cader Edwards, great-grandfather of Cyrus, was born in a small fishing village on the seacoast of

Wales. He did extensive writing, hoping to preserve records of the family, but these records fell into the hands of descendants who would not part with them, nor allow them to be copied, and thus they passed out of existence. Cader Edwards was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and died in Sullivan County, Tennessee, in March, 1782.

That branch of the Edwards family from which Maude Nation's mother, Eunice Marinda Edwards, was descended, lived at one time in North Carolina. It has been said that every third person in North Carolina is an Edwards. Apparently, the ancient laws of primo-geniture were continued by the immigrants of the new world. Records of Edwardses in Illinois begin in 1818 when the territory was first opened to settlers. Some may have been here even before that.

Maude Nation's great-grandfather, Henry (Hal) Edwards, married Marinda Jamerson (Jamison) on July 3, 1825. Records at Carmi, Illinois, show that the ceremony was "solemnized by James Rutledge, Esq." He was the father of Ann Rutledge.

Henry Edwards died young, and that probably explains the comparatively small size of his family. He is said to have been away from home six months at a time, buying and trading horses, and bringing them back overland from the East. He had started home from Carmi, Illinois, going to Enfield, on horseback, one bitter cold night. He was found nearly frozen to death, and taken back to Carmi, but died.

Charles Carter Edwards, who visited relatives in England and Wales, was one of Henry's sons. There is another bit of interesting pioneer history connected with Charles. Alice Walker of Altamont, Illinois, remembered seeing him. She said he always wore a tall silk hat and drove a buggy—a kind of horseless carriage, which he had invented, and which was operated by foot pedals.

Berry Edwards, another son of Henry (Hal) Edwards, was Maude Nation's grandfather. He married Sarah Miller, January 30, 1853, and they reared a large family. He seems to have had a likeable personality, and had no bad habits. He was a Methodist. In addition to never taking liquor in any form, a rare abstinence in those days, never a swear word passed his lips. He owned much land in White County, Illinois, and had a number of tenants. With two of his sons, William and Tom, Berry Edwards used to attend singing schools, at which they used, among others, the "Old Southern Harmony" singing book. This contained many songs in "long meter," which William Edwards could sing, his daughter Gretchen says, even in his later years, including a funeral dirge sometimes used by the Masonic Lodge.

William's daughter, Gretchen Edwards, is a practicing lawyer in St. Louis. She was Assistant States Attorney at St. Louis, 1940-1942, and has held other responsible positions with the government. In a letter to Maude Nation Lanham, dated July 8, 1952, she states: "Allie Penneman had affi-

davits which had been prepared by her father (I mean he was present when the affidavits were executed by some of the Edwards kinsfolk, in 1893.) I borrowed her originals and had photostats made." The father of Allie Penneman was Charles Carter Edwards, delegate to England and Wales.

Tom Edwards, now known as Dr. Thomas B. Edwards, is still living. In his eighties, he is still actively engaged in his practice as a physician in Cedar Hill, Missouri, and is coroner of Jefferson County. His son, Waldo, also a physician, achieved distinction some years ago by developing, along with Dr. Robert A. Hingson, a comfortable and painless childbirth technique, called "continuous caudal analgesia." This development was made in Public Health Service at the Marine Hospital on Staten Island, New York. In more recent years, Dr. Waldo Edwards has taught in the medical school of St. Louis University.

Two of the daughters of Berry Edwards are still living. They are Mrs. May Lee, of California, and Mrs. Christina Taylor, North City, Illinois. Both are now widows.

Eunice Marinda Edwards was also one of the fifteen children of Berry Edwards. Before her marriage to Charles Wesley Nation, she had helped to rear her father's large family. Neighbors used to say to their sons, "Stay away from the Berry Edwards girls. That family is too prolific."

As a child, Eunice Marinda never assumed heavy responsibilities. She was too small and delicate.

Just setting the table, however, was no little task. It took so many dishes. This, and looking after the babies, was about Marinda's limit.

Maude Nation Lanham says her mother often told her of the hardships of the old days, especially the poor lighting of homes. Maude has in her possession a grease lamp by which her mother, as a little girl, used to sit and make doll clothes. It is a crude affair. Oil was used to saturate a red woolen cloth, one end of which hung down outside the lamp, to be lighted. Cooking was done over a fireplace, with a skillet and lid, set upon a tripod. Schools were few, and far apart, and were in session only a few months of the year. Everyone worked when the weather permitted.

Eunice Marinda Edwards married at eighteen. She was still small and had very blond hair, which she wore bobbed. Charles Wesley Nation was twenty-one. He was extremely dark, with dark curly hair, and a full beard. Maude Nation Lanham recalls, "He said my mother was the loveliest thing he had ever seen, and he held to that all the sixty years of their married life."

Chapter III

The Rutledges

On her father's side, the ancestral background of Maude Nation Lanham or "Marian," Modern Pioneer Woman, stretches back beyond the early Colonial Period in America, and probably connects with the historically famous Rutledges of Hampton Plantation and the Home by the River, located near McClellanville and Charleston, South Carolina.

According to historians, compilers of ancestral records, and tradition, the Rutledge family settled in Ireland, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, having been driven there by religious persecution.

Andrew Rutledge, a young man under thirty, and penniless, came to South Carolina, 1730, with the Degree L.L.B. from Trinity College, Dublin. His father, a French-Irish peasant with Scotch blood, had managed to give his son a college education from the proceeds of a tavern which he operated on his small farm.

By his business acumen and political astuteness, Andrew made unwonted progress in the new world, politically, economically, and socially. Within two years, he was elected to the Assembly, and became socially the lion of Charles Town. With glamour all about him, Andrew soon married Sarah Boone Hext, rich widow of Colonel Hext, who had been one of his clients.

In this marriage, Andrew met his first real defeat. Sarah bore him no children. Hugh Hext's will had bequeathed only the income from his estate to his widow, for her lifetime, then all was to go to her daughter Sarah. Also, two of the girl's uncles made her their heiress. Thus, Sarah Boone Hext's daughter became the heiress of the period.

Not to be entirely circumvented, however, Andrew sent for his younger brother, John Rutledge, whom he had helped to get an education, in England. Dr. John Rutledge, who had been a ship's surgeon in the East India merchant service, came to Charles Town, lived in Andrew's home, and opened an office as "Master of Physick."

On Christmas Day, 1738, Dr. John Rutledge married the heiress Sarah Hext, then fourteen years of age. Never again did he practice medicine, but spent his energies on establishing a social status for his children. He was a heavy drinker, and died at the age of thirty-seven.

One daughter, Mary, was a great beauty and became the model for one of Romney's masterpieces. Two of his sons, John and Edward, bore a large part in the early history of South Carolina, and of America. Each, in turn, served as Governor of South Carolina.

"Mr." John Rutledge, first Governor of South Carolina, was a pioneer of sorts. From his twenty-third year, life in Charleston began to center around him, and continued to do so for many years. At twenty-four, younger than any man who ever had

held that office, he was appointed Attorney General for His Majesty's Province of South Carolina. During the Revolution, he became a virtual dictator, not only of South Carolina, but of the surrounding territory. Pushed out of the governorship, even in hiding, he ruled, he organized fighters, he guided destinies.

In South Carolina, "Mr." John Rutledge formulated the embryo of Constitutional Government which became a kind of pattern for the states. Being chairman of the committee that originated the Constitution of the United States, he was probably the most important writer of that document. Patrick Henry declared him to be by far the greatest orator in the First Continental Congress.

"Mr." John Rutledge seconded the nomination of George Washington for presiding officer of the Constitutional Convention. Indirectly, as was his method, not wanting to appear as a dictator, he guided the selection of George Washington as commander-in-chief of the newly formed armies. He got his cousin, John Adams, to nominate Washington.

This astute statesman and politician pioneered in thought, as well as in action. He tried the first breach of promise suit in the Western World. He talked in favor of inoculation against small pox, about which he had learned while studying in England, before coming to America.

Edward Rutledge, his younger brother, became tenth governor of South Carolina, 1799, during the

week after Washington died. Edward began his term in January, but died a week later. He had been a member of the Continental Congress, along with his brother John. He had been one of the youngest members, and had remained a member for three years. He was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Archibald Rutledge, well-known writer and Poet Laureate of South Carolina, is a direct descendant of Edward Rutledge. Archibald's father was Colonel Henry Middleton Rutledge, youngest colonel in the Confederate Army, whom Archibald affectionately portrays in "My Colonel and His Lady."

Just what is the connection between these illustrious men of Charleston and "Marian: Modern Pioneer Woman," whose real name is Maude Nation Lanham, is somewhat uncertain, though in a letter to Maude, Archibald Rutledge addressed her as "Dear Cousin." Records and traditions are conflicting, and some are missing, but it seems that Maude's great-great-great grandfather, John James Rutledge, was the son of George Rutledge, a brother of the eminent John and Edward.

Certain it is that Maude Nation Lanham's great-great-great grandmother, wife of John James, was Jane Officer Rutledge who was born in Ireland, 1789, and died in the community of Enfield, Illinois, 1834. The same four-sided obelisk which marks her grave in the Enfield cemetery marks also the graves of her daughter Jane and Jane's husband, James Miller, with whom she lived during her later years.

Descendants of Jane Officer Rutledge are more easily verified. She was the mother of James Rutledge, father of Ann, who has been romantically connected with the life of Abraham Lincoln. According to several historians, stories preserved by old residents of Enfield, Illinois, as well as by some of his living descendants, James Rutledge is reported to have said that he was a cousin of Edward Rutledge, Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Records of the early time were easily lost or confused. During the first half of the nineteenth century, the interior valleys of the Alleghenies were a seething torrent, in which was a mixture of Anglo-Saxons, Scotchmen for a few generations resident in Ireland, and Germans, driven from their homes by wars and persecution. From New York to Pennsylvania, and to territory still farther south, the human tide spread, tending ever westward and southward.

The chances of travel might separate members of families by a thousand miles, until of the stock that entered the valley in 1740 traces might be found, a half century later, all the way to Virginia and Georgia. By the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, Kentucky was ready for admission to the Union. Six years later, Ohio was admitted.

After that, the Western tide flowed on more slowly until after the War of 1812. Then, within five years following the Treaty of Ghent, five new

Western states came into the Union: Indiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Missouri, and Illinois.

Long before 1818, new settlers were converging on the Illinois Territory—from North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York. Rutledges were a part of this tide. According to family records and traditions, the Rutledges of Illinois came to the Carolinas from Ireland, where they had been driven because of religious persecution in Scotland. After the Revolutionary War, some of the families went down to Wilkes County, Georgia, and became landowners there.

Later, the young men began to get "Caintucky fever." The Camerons and the Hawthornes were first to go to the new land. Others followed in the fall of 1807, until there was a regular clan living in Kentucky, a clan as Scotch and as Presbyterian as could be found in any parish in Scotland. It was made up of Rutledges, Millers, Camerons, Mayes, and Veatches. They were good people—well educated for that time—, but had so intermarried that they were all cousins and aunts and uncles of each other.

Kentucky had fine land, but it was the hunting grounds of Indians who, during the War of 1812, took terrible vengeance upon the usurping white settlers. The three brothers of James Rutledge all became Rangers against the Indians.

Two men of this settlement, Isaac Veatch and William Miller, went exploring up in the Illinois

Territory, as far as the Little Wabash River, to where the town of Carmi now stands. Veatch built a log house just south of a road that crossed the river, by ford, in low water. Then, he went back to Henderson County, Kentucky, married, and brought his bride back to Illinois.

Reports that Veatch took back to Kentucky from Illinois were very good, especially to the effect that deer and other game were plentiful. So, in the fall of 1813, as soon as the corn had been picked, the Rutledges and Millers decided to go to Illinois. Tommy Cameron, or Camron as it was sometimes spelled, had already built a block house at the north end of a flat tableland in the midst of the wood. Several other old soldiers of the Revolution had settled nearby.

The creaking ox carts of that cavalcade which followed the wilderness trail from Kentucky to Illinois were heavily loaded. There was much that they wanted to take with them. Jane Officer Rutledge, "Grandma Jenny," took a cutting from the rose bush growing on her husband's grave. Some took fruit trees and seeds hoarded for planting. Carts were heaped high with hickory bottom chairs, four poster beds, cradles, looms, spinning wheels, churns, quilts, homespun blankets, and feather beds. Crammed in among these were candle molds, iron pots, spiders, and a few treasured dishes. "Grandma Jenny's" rocking chair was tied to the back of a cart.

The men went ahead, and encouraged the oxen.

They carried muskets, too, for they must be ever on the alert to protect the party from Indians and wild animals, or to procure turkey or venison for food. Some of the women rode horseback, others sat on top of the feather beds. The young girls, in linsey woolsey dresses and slat sunbonnets, took charge of the children, who played or plodded along beside the carts. Boys drove the cattle, hogs, and sheep.

Having crossed the Ohio River by ferry, and traveled about thirty miles north, they reached the top of a rise and saw, spread out in the valley below, a prairie. It was about seven miles long and three miles wide, as they discovered later, with a stream meandering through it. After the miles and miles of dark forest trail, this looked like Eden to them. There, on high ground west of the prairie, they took up habitation, and the place became known as "Seven Mile Prairie." It is now a part of White County, Illinois.

Most of this region was originally covered with tall timber, but a small prairie existed here and there, good places for farms. This gave rise to such names as "Big Prairie," "Burnt Prairie," and others. White oak trees were most abundant, but there was a great variety of oak.

Wild game was truly plentiful: turkeys, prairie chickens, quail, and pigeons, in certain seasons. An old settler told of a time when wild pigeons flew overhead in such dense clouds that it grew dark, and the chickens went to roost. Deer furnished both

meat and clothing, and some women made candles from deer tallow.

Log cabins were raised by the settlers, and, in 1814, James Rutledge built a horse mill on top of the hill, in Section twenty-two. The mill consisted of a shed built upon posts driven into the ground. Under this was a grinder. In 1818, Daniel Hay took the census in this mill, which was a kind of center for the population of the county that still included what is now Hamilton County.

These hardy, energetic pioneers produced their own wool, cotton and flax. They spun and wove them, and made them into clothing. They tanned their own leather and made their own boots. They made their own hominy, as well as gritting their own corn. They threshed their own wheat and ground it at the horse mill. They fatted their hogs in the woods, and did their own butchering. For this, they dug holes in the ground and filled them with water. This they heated with rocks, to give the hogs a good scald.

Of all this, Jane Officer Rutledge, great-great-great grandmother of Maude Nation Lanham, was a part, as were her children. Her son, Thomas Rutledge was born in South Carolina, 1768. He married Nancy Cameron. William, (Uncle Billy) also married a Cameron. Robert, who married a Mayes, was a soldier in the War of 1812. He died in Kentucky. Susan also married a Mayes. She and her husband died in Georgia, leaving five little children: Mary, Melinda, Samuel, Jane, and Minerva Mayes.

When word came to Illinois, in 1815, that the five children were orphans, James Mayes Rutledge helped his Uncle Billy chop down a tree and saw out new wheels for an ox cart. Then William Rutledge and Thomas Mayes went down to Georgia and brought the children back with them. Minerva Mayes, the youngest child, was just a baby, and they carried her on a down pillow. Question: What and how did two men feed a small baby?

These children were parcelled out among the members of the family. It was in the home of James Rutledge, who had married Mary Ann (Polly) Miller, in Henderson County, Kentucky, January 15, 1808, that Minerva Mayes was placed. She and Ann Rutledge, daughter of James, were brought up together.

From family tradition, we learn that Ann and Minerva, who were about the same age, were always getting into mischief. The following story is a sample. The Reverend James McCready came up from Kentucky to preach to the settlement. He was bitterly opposed to whisky as a drink, but, like nearly everyone else at that time, he thought it had potent medicinal value. Polly Rutledge had made him a hot toddy, for the shakes, and had set it up on the fire board. Ann and Minerva, having discovered it, "tasted" it until it was almost gone. Ann was a young lady of sixteen when her father, James Rutledge, and his nephew, a retired minister, John M. Camron, founded the town of New Salem, Illinois. They made their survey on October 23, 1829,

and a post office was established on Christmas Day of that year.

The story of how, in April, 1831, the flat boat on which Abraham Lincoln was making a trip to New Orleans, was stuck for a night and the better part of a day on the Rutledge mill dam at New Salem, of Ann's meeting Lincoln, their subsequent friendship, and of her tragic death are well known.

Jane Rutledge, sister of Ann's father, married James Miller, brother of Ann's mother. These two were Maude Nation Lanham's great-great- grandparents. Hence, Maude and Ann are double cousins.

Chapter IV

The Gowdys

Louisa Ann Miller, Jane Rutledge Miller's daughter, and Maude Lanham's great grandmother, married a man belonging to another sturdy pioneer family. He was John Harvey Gowdy.

This ancestral line, also, is interesting. Some authorities believe that the surname Gowdy is derived from the Scottish form Goudie and the English diminutive form Gold, from Gold (a), an Anglo-Saxon personal name. There is a Gawdy Hall near the border of Suffolk, England. It is interesting that Maude Nation Lanham's middle name is Goldie.

The Gowdy (Gawdy, Goudy) family is supposed to have originated in the islands of the north seas, in the ninth century. Members of the family were close friends of the Bruces in Scotland. A branch of the family evidently located in Ayreshire, Scotland, about the fourteenth century. John Goudie of Galston, Scotland, made possible the publication of the first book of poems by Robert Burns.

A Robert Goudy, presumably born in the neighborhood of Armaugh, County Tyrone, Ireland, November 2, 1785, first appeared in this country in Washington County, Pennsylvania, where he mar-

ried Jane Ansley about 1812. Their son, Ensley T. Goudy was the real pioneer of the family in Illinois, since he preceded the others to Jacksonville, from Vandalia.

Some of Robert Goudy's children had been born in Indiana, some were born in Illinois, but his descendants wrote their names in print, politics, and the professions, indelibly, on the early history of Illinois. Some were among the early graduates of Illinois College, Jacksonville, the first in the state to graduate a class.

A William Gowdy of Scotch-Irish ancestry, born in Ireland, 1730, died in Guilford County, North Carolina. He had come from Pennsylvania, and had purchased 560 acres of land from the state of North Carolina at fifty shillings for each one hundred acres. By 1790, he owned more than 1200 acres.

William Gowdy was active in the political and Christian development of the community around Guilford Court House. The minutes of the old Buffalo Presbyterian Church show that he was a ruling elder from 1773-1779. He was a state senator from 1783-1786.

Two brothers, Robert and John C. Gowdy, and two sisters, were living in North Carolina during the Revolutionary War. They were so close to the location of the battle of Guilford Court House, 1783, they could hear the roar of the musketry.

They moved to Sumner County, Tennessee, in 1800, and came to Enfield, Illinois, about 1817, while the Indians were still there. Though a pio-

neer farmer, John C. Gowdy was well educated. He was a member of the House of Representatives of the State of Illinois, White County, in the Eighth General Assembly which met at Vandalia, December 3, 1832, and adjourned, March 2, 1833.

After the adjournment, John C. Gowdy returned to his home on horseback. There were no railroads, nor even wagon roads in White County at that time, no postal nor commercial facilities.

John C. Gowdy had little money, but clean hands, a clean heart, and a contented mind. He died October 19, 1851, at the old home place, one half mile west of Enfield.

John Harvey Gowdy, Maude Nation Lanham's great grandfather was the son of this man. Both John C. Gowdy and his brother Robert are also related to Maude Nation Lanham through the Andersons, her mother's family line. This is another example of the mixed up relationships through intermarriage of families in pioneer times. Robert Gowdy married Mary Anderson. John Gowdy married Elizabeth Anderson. Elizabeth Gowdy, their sister, married an Anderson. These three Andersons were sisters and brother.

The Gowdy family was also related to the Mayes, whom I have already shown to be connected with the Rutledges. Pliny Gowdy, grandson of Robert Gowdy, married Minerva Mayes. Their son, Cyrus, was a member of the 56th Illinois Volunteers, and made the march through Georgia to the sea, with Sherman. His three years of service completed, he

boarded the ship General Lyon, homeward bound. This ship burned at sea, and Cyrus was drowned.

John Harvey Gowdy, Maude's great grandfather, was born in Tennessee, 1803, and reared and educated in his native state. In 1837, he married Louisa, daughter of James Miller, brother of the wife of James Rutledge.

One of John Harvey's sons, at nine years of age, learned the saddler and harness maker's trade, and went to work where Enfield, Illinois, now stands. At the time, there was only one family there. William began with three saddles, a few scraps of leather, some tools, and fifty cents. The first time he bought leather, he went to Shawnee town in an ox wagon, and bought one side of leather from which he made the three saddles to sell. One was bought by John Anderson Nation, Maude Lanham's paternal grandfather.

John Harvey Gowdy's daughter Sarah married John Anderson Nation. Their son, Charles Wesley Nation, was Maude's father.

The Nations were of Dutch descent. Christopher Nation, Maude Nation Lanham's great grandfather, took up an original grant of land in the Enfield community, E½ NE¼, Section 10, June 3, 1818. He is buried in Anderson graveyard, a part of the old cemetery at Enfield.

Nearly all the White County pioneers were devout Christian men and women. In the opening years of the nineteenth century, a remarkable religious awakening arose in many parts of America.

The leader of the revival in the "Cumberland country" in Kentucky and Tennessee was the Reverend McCready.

Revivals were numerous in certain sections, and were accompanied by strange "bodily exercises." McCready, and some others conducting the services, called these demonstrations to the attention of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The Assembly, in reply, recognized that, although the movement had been accompanied by "extraordinary effects on the body," it had accomplished great good. It admonished those in charge of the work regarding the dangers of excesses, and expressed the opinion that these effects might be, to a considerable degree, produced by natural causes.

Humble, self-sacrificing poor men traversed hundreds of miles in attending camp-meetings, over sparsely settled country, often with no roads, across swollen streams, having neither ferries nor bridges, in a country regarded as unusually "sickly." Often, they swam the streams, or extemporized a raft.

As the revival progressed, strange physical manifestations became so pronounced that unfavorable reactions were created. Some ministers set themselves against the entire movement. This division in sentiment resulted in two distinct parties, revivalists and anti-revivalists. McCready remained a revivalist.

He belonged to the Muhlenberg Presbytery, Kentucky, but made missionary journeys into southern Indiana, and penetrated Illinois, at least as far as

White County. In the fall of 1818, the Reverend James McCready organized the Sharon Church in the Seven Mile Prairie Community. This was the First Presbyterian Church in the Illinois Territory. C. P. Logan, in his "Cumberland Church in Illinois," says (p. 24) that it is "so far as is known the first Protestant church in the state."

This first church was built of hewn logs, and had one little four-paned window in the east wall, above the altar. In the center of the building, was a big stone used as a charcoal burner, which gave off little heat. The church stood in a clearing of the timberland of Thomas Rutledge. At one side of the building, a stand was erected, and benches placed, in order that meetings could be held in the open, when the weather was warm.

The founder, The Reverend McCready, is said to have been a great preacher, who spoke with a voice like thunder and with a tongue of fire, as so many preachers of the early days seemed to feel necessary. Even I recall one of my childhood who could be heard a mile distant. Perhaps, this helped to keep their congregations awake.

In 1802, at the first meeting of the Synod of Kentucky, the southwestern part of the Presbytery of Transylvania, including the Cumberland country, was constituted the Presbytery of Cumberland.

As the revival spread, demand for ministers became greater than the supply, and the revival party, which controlled the new presbytery, believed the emergency, as well as precedent, justified their

bringing into the ministry men without the usual academic training. A few were introduced in this way; others were set apart as "exorters."

To this, the anti-revivalists objected so strongly that it became one of the main reasons for the separation of the Cumberlands from the Presbyterian Synod. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church entered upon its career.

Even before the Cumberlands had become a fully independent denomination, they had begun to spread into adjoining territory. The Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers were highways of travel into the Illinois Territory. Soon, a colony of both Presbyterians and Cumberlands developed on the Illinois side of the Ohio and Wabash Rivers.

John Barnett, from Tennessee, visited the settlers around Golconda, now in Pope County, and preached probably the first Cumberland Presbyterian sermon in Illinois. He was followed by missionaries who came to work among the settlers of the river counties.

In 1819, after the death of McCready, the Western Missionary Board of Kentucky sent The Reverend David Wilson McLin to "ride and preach" in the new state. Like the majority of the people who populated Illinois in this early period, he was born in one of the seaboard states of the South, and was of Scotch-Irish descent. In Tennessee, he had been converted in the Revival of 1800. The new and independent Presbytery of Cumberland had ordained him in 1814. He had been active in Tennes-

see and Kentucky before coming to Illinois, in the fall of 1811.

He settled near Seven Mile Prairie where a colony of Southerners had made their homes. Among them were the Gowdys, Andersons, and Orrs, who had joined the Cumberlands in Tennessee. After the death of McCready, part of his congregation banded together under McLin and organized a Cumberland Presbyterian Church, June 18, 1819. It was first called Seven Mile Prairie Congregation, then changed to Hopewell Church, and in 1868 to Enfield.

David McLin did much to establish the Cumberland Church throughout Illinois. He was a fervent missionary. He had learned the tailor trade, and often would sit up all night making a suit of clothes for someone so he could leave his family some money to use while he would be away. Early preachers received little pay in money. They might be given a pair of hand knit socks, homespun cloth, home-made boots, or a pair of pants. Sometimes, it was a pig or cow.

The Seven Mile Prairie, or Hopewell Congregation, erected a log structure, in 1823, on school land of Section 16. It was built about a mile away from Old Sharon. Much trouble was caused by families being divided over their religion. Each congregation thought only its members were bound for Heaven. Hopewell Church tried to get all to join it, but Peter Miller opposed this, and talked Thomas, James, and Polly Rutledge into staying at Sharon.

James Miller, the great-great grandfather of Maude Nation Lanham, was one of the first elders of Hopewell, this first Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Illinois. It was in his home that the church was organized, and the congregation worshiped there as a church, for about four years. It was also in his home that the first Methodists preached in that part of the country.

Nothing is left of those two first Presbyterian Churches in Illinois but the wells. However, the descendants of those early pioneers still have flourishing churches in the neighborhood.

Maude Nation Lanham's ancestors also had an important part in the establishing of the early schools of Illinois. Her immediate line was especially influential in the Seven Mile Prairie Community. Thomas Rutledge, brother of James Rutledge, and of Maude's great-great grandmother, Jane Rutledge Miller, taught the first school in White County, Illinois, and for years was Justice the Peace there.

It was in 1818, nearly a century and a half ago, in a little log cabin, that Thomas Rutledge started a subscription school. It was located on Section twenty-one, near the first Sharon church.

At night, twenty-five cents a week was charged, "and bring your own candle." Discipline was swift and stern for any misdemeanor. One of the Gowdy boys who attended this school, in a prophetic moment, ventured to say that maybe someday men

would fly across the ocean. For this, he was given a sound thrashing by Thomas Rutledge.

Several other teachers followed Thomas Rutledge. Not until 1860, according to Carmi history, were public schools established.

Another type of private school was founded by The Reverend David Wilson McLin, organizer of Hopewell Church. This school was conducted in his own house, where he taught candidates for the ministry. His students boarded free with the members of the Seven Mile Prairie Community.

Equipment in the pioneer schools was very crude. Pupils usually sat upon four-legged slab benches. Writing desks were of heavy oak plank, or a hewn slab laid upon wooden pins driven into the wall. Before the advent of hand bells, the schoolmaster might call, "Books! Books!" at the door, when it was time for the pupils to come inside and begin classes.

In these log school houses, spelling schools and singing schools came to be the chief public evening entertainment.

There was not, west of the Alleghenies, in 1810, a single school under control either of church or state which would now be deemed worthy the name of college. There seem to have been a few seminaries, with somewhat advanced courses.

Illinois College, at Jacksonville, founded in 1829 by a group of men from Yale College, who joined with The Reverend John M. Ellis and some other Jacksonville citizens, claims to have the first college building in the state. Renovated in 1950, it is

still standing, and bears the name of Edward Beecher, brother of the famous preacher, Henry Ward Beecher and of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Beecher Hall was erected of brick, fired from clay dug nearby, and of lumber sawed from the timber of a neighboring grove. Classes were begun on January 4, 1830, after a delay of two hours while the instructor, a trustee, and nine students assembled a stove.

The first person to receive a diploma from this "seminary of learning" was Richard Yates, who later became Civil War Governor of Illinois. Other early students were Jonathan Spillman, who wrote the music of "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," Billy Herndon, Abraham Lincoln's law partner, William Jennings Bryan, and David Rutledge, brother of Ann. At one time, during his life in New Salem, it is said that Abraham Lincoln considered enrolling there.

Originally, Illinois was a college for men, but became co-educational in 1903, with the absorption of the Jacksonville Academy, which had been in existence for about seventy years.

The daughters of Robert Goudy, brother of the John C. Goudy from whom Maude Nation Lanham is descended, attended the Jacksonville Female Academy. The Goudys printed the program of Illinois College; in 1835, their name was upon the first commencement program issued in the state.

Descendents of John C. Gowdy (Goudy) played

a large part in the schools of southern Illinois, particularly in White County. In March, 1873, at a meeting of the Ewing Presbytery of the Cumberland Church, a committee was appointed to inquire into the possibilities of establishing a high school. If it seemed advisable, the committee was empowered to select a site and oversee the erection of a building. At a public meeting, the people pledged themselves to support such a school, and Enfield was chosen as the site.

A brick building was erected at a cost of $6,000. In 1878, however, it was sold under a mechanic's lien. Then, in 1879, the second Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church appointed a committee to repurchase and complete the building, and have the institution chartered as a synodical school. Corporation papers, dated July 31, 1880, give the name as Southern Illinois Academy, and are signed by three Gowdys.

On August 4, 1880, the Board of Trustees, of which J. H. Gowdy was one, employed Mark A. Montgomery, a graduate of Lincoln University, Lincoln, Illinois, as principal. The school opened in September of that year, with an endowment of $20,000. On August 3, 1883, the Synod voted to change the name to Southern Illinois College.

There were sixty-three students in 1881; at the close of the spring term, 1882, they numbered one hundred and twenty-five, and there were five assistant teachers. The increase, no doubt, was due in part to better commuting facilities. There were no

dormitories in the old college, and, in those horse and buggy days, roads were many times impassable. The B. and O. Railroad was built in 1871; and the L. and N. was finished about 1881.

Senator Bill Borah of Idaho, but born in Wayne County, Illinois, was a graduate of this school, as was Wesley Jones, Senator from the State of Washington. Orley Booth, an outstanding educator, was graduated here. The Booth heirs, large landowners, left $300,000 dollars to be used for District Thirteen, Enfield Grade Schools, provided a matching sum was provided by the district. The result was fine new educational facilities. The Booths seem to have made their fortune in oil, as have so many of Maude Nation Lanham's relatives in the Enfield region, in recent years.

Southern Illinois College prospered for about twenty-five years. Due to financial difficulties, its corporation was dissolved by the Circuit Court of Sangamon County, December 15, 1937. The old building still stands on a hill top at the edge of Enfield, but it has been put to other uses.

Maude Nation Lanham's father, Charles Wesley Nation graduated from Southern Illinois College, or Enfield Academy, as it was sometimes called. Her sister, Bertha A. Nation, also attended the academy. Later, she taught in Sangamon County.

Chapter V

Home Ties

"Take your father and your households and come unto me; and I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat of the fat of the land."

Gen. 46:18

The fertility of the Nile valley is well known to those who have traveled in Africa, and to students of history and geography. Bible students have learned that Isaac sent his sons, the brothers of Joseph, into Egypt to buy corn, when there was famine in Canaan.

In the early 1800's, there were very deep snows in northern and central Illinois. Farmers had to use precious seed corn to keep their cattle alive. Scorching winds and blistering heat of the following summer destroyed their crops. The result was famine in these districts.

To southern Illinois, to the fertile river valleys, where the pioneers who came from Tennessee and the Carolinas had first settled, came the farmers of the famine stricken areas, seeking corn. "Where are you bound?" became a common greeting on the road, it is said. "Egypt," was the apt reply.

From that time the nickname Egypt has been

proudly and lovingly applied to Southern Illinois. Another version is that the old Whigs used to say that the name was given on account of the political darkness which reigned there, since all that region was intensely Democratic.

"It should be said in honor of the old Egyptian politicans that, while many were ignorant, illiterate, and full of prejudice, they were inflexibly honest and served the state faithfully." (Edwards Papers)

Charles Wesley Nation had been teaching at Nubbin Ridge, "Egypt," near Enfield, Illinois, when he married Eunice Marinda Edwards, in 1873. He was lame. At that time, it was usually the physically handicapped who became teachers.

He had been crippled from childhood, when a bone disease caused one of his legs to be several inches shorter than the other. His eldest son, John, limped just like his father, though he was never crippled. He thought his father was just right. When John was small, he imitated his father in every way. Limping became a habit with him.

Maude Nation was the fourth child of Charles Wesley and Eunice Marinda Nation. She had three brothers and two sisters with whom she grew up. Bertha, the eldest sister, is now decreased. John, the eldest brother, disappeared when a young man, and has never been heard of since. Howard, Amy, and Charles are living in Springfield.

In 1873, Charles Wesley Nation decided to move to Sangamon County, Illinois, and try farming. Others from White County had come to the fertile

valley and had made good, or so they said. He had been brought up on a farm. His father, Anderson Nation, owned the land which is now an agricultural experiment station belonging to the University of Illinois.

Maude's father began farming in the present village of Bradfordton area. The house in which the family lived still stands, now near the highway. When Maude was born, however, they were on a farm near Farmingdale.

Of her early days on the farm, Maude has some very vivid memories. One is of the trundle bed, which was pushed under the big bed in the daytime, and brought out at night, and set up on its legs near the old Round Oak heating stove. The heater was kept going at full blast, all night long, in severe winter weather. It had a heavy metal ring extending around its base, for warming one's feet without burning the shoes. When Maude's sister Amy was about three years old, she fell forward in her highchair, and cut a nick out of her left ear on this ring. She still has it, and so does her daughter. *They say* things like that are not hereditary. What do you say?

There was always a wood pile between the house and the "Chic Sale" building, and everyone was supposed to bring in an armload of wood for the fires, when returning to the house.

Maude remembers that a big iron kettle figured very prominently in their lives. It was used to make apple butter in the fall, for rendering lard at butch-

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ering time, and to boil and bleach the clothes. There was lye hominy all winter long, and, this too, was made in the old iron kettle.

In making the hominy, first, the field corn was hulled by letting it stand overnight in strong lye water. When the hulls were off, and the corn had been washed, the hominy was sealed in jars, to be used later with spare ribs or backbone for flavor. This was filling for men who had been shucking corn, or doing other heavy physical labor. Usually, there were three or four men around to help with the crops.

Soft soap was a must in the Nation household. It was made by using lye water drained through an ash hopper. Ashes, poured through a funnel into the top of the hopper, were allowed to stand all winter. In the spring, by adding grease to the lye water, and cooking, soft soap was the result.

This soap would "really take the hide off" of one with a delicate skin. Glycerine and various scents were not commonly used in those days. Maude's mother held out for "store soap" for personal use, and for the children.

Everything had to be done the hard way in the days of newly cleared land and walking plows. Maude says, "I would feel very sorry for Dad, who was about five feet in stature, limping along behind a plow, doing a thing for which I knew from early childhood he was not fitted. He was a man of great peace of mind, and never known to complain of his lot. He had deep religious convictions and

reared his family, which increased to eight, two of whom died in infancy, in the way of truth and honor."

About every other year, chinch bugs devoured Charles Wesley Nation's young crop, despite deep furrows plowed in desperation all around the fields. Finally, during the Cleveland administration, he did have a bumper crop of corn. It was selling for eighteen cents a bushel.

Educational conditions in Sangamon County were still rather primitive in Maude Nation's early years. Generally, teachers were poor. One set himself up to teach just because he wanted to, or was physically unfitted for manual labor, not because of any special preparation for the work.

High school subjects were taught along with those of the lower grades. Often, there were as many as sixty pupils in one room. This made things difficult. Fortunately, Maude's father, who had been a well equipped teacher, could help her, and she read everything she could get. As a result, Maude finished the high school level earlier than most children do even today.

Maude was so eager to read that, after her sister Bertha started teaching school, many a night, she would take Bertha's entire library of new books to her room, retire early, and, with a coal oil lamp burning by her bed, read every one of them before her sister had to take them to school on Monday morning. With her door closed, the family presumed Maude was tired and sleeping both early and late.

There were no hard roads nor automobiles in Maude's childhood. Her sister Amy, her brother Howard, and Maude walked about two miles through a wood to get to the school at Kelly's Point, near Curran, when their father was too busy to take them the five miles around, in the old farm wagon, over the rutted roads, in spring, or by bobsled, in winter. The wood was full of cattle, so Howard had to be with the girls, or they had to stay at home.

Snows were often very deep. A blizzard really isolated farms, and made it impossible for his children to get to school. At such times, Charles Nation would take care of the children's lessons. He would dig tunnels through the drifts in order to get to the barn to take care of the stock. Sometimes, if the weather was very cold, a hard crust would form on the snow so that it could be walked upon. Once, after her father had taken them to school in the bobsled, Maude dropped her McGuffey Reader in the snow while she was crossing the stile into the school yard. The book was not found until spring.

"One lovely morning," Maude relates, "my brother Howard, my sister Amy and I were on our way to school through the wood. We came to a creek which we had to cross by walking on a fallen log. The stream was swollen with heavy rains in spring, but was generally dry in summer. I was hippity-hopping across, following Howard, my blond braids flying in the breeze, when I dropped my lunch bucket into the water.

"Mother, a Southerner, always baked biscuits for our lunches, and spread them with maple syrup from our own maple grove back of the house. On that morning, I left the biscuits floating on the creek, and decided to pick some flowers. They were everywhere about us.

Loaded down with Dutchman's breeches, bluebells, and other lovely blossoms, we were nearing the school when, suddenly, it occurred to us that we were late. We pitched the flowers away, and hurried into the building.

"The teacher did not overlook our tardiness. My punishment was that I was not allowed to recite in reading. That was the worst thing that could have happened to me. *Thanatopsis* was the subject that morning, and I loved poetry."

Maude remembers other punishments that were meted out on some other occasions. For crying, Amy was shut up in a dark clothes closet. Another child found it hard to learn his letters, so he was compelled to go around and around outside the school house, repeating "A—B—C—."

The school house was a little one-room clapboard structure which stood with beautiful trees all around it. There were tall oaks, hickories, walnuts, and many others.

The trees that Maude liked most were the hawthorns. They were loaded with snowy blossoms in spring, and, in autumn, with beautiful red berries. Maude and the other little girls had fun making necklaces and bracelets from this fruit. Sometimes,

Maude would take home some of the berries, carrying them in little baskets, whittled from acorns by Howard and some of his friends. She liked to pretend they were fairy baskets, and she was a fairy, carrying jewels to her mother.

In the fall, the children gathered nuts. Then Maude's and Howard's hands were always stained brown from hulling walnuts, hickory nuts, and hazel nuts. These they took home in their emptied dinner pails.

At home, there were other very interesting things to do. Maude delighted in watching her father tap the maple trees in the grove, and place in them spigots, made from the hollow branches of sumac that grew nearby. Then, when the first spring thaw came, she was happy in helping carry buckets of the sweet sap from the trees to the big black kettles, out-of-doors, in which it was boiled and boiled until it became syrup. Making rounds of maple sugar candy was fun, too.

Then, there came the grinding of the sugar cane. It was Maude's job to drive the old horse, or at least she thought she was driving him, round and round to run the grinding mill. Howard's job was to help sell the molasses made from cooking the juice.

One day, Howard took a bottle of molasses to school in his pocket. He expected to let a boy take it home to his father for a sample. This deal did not come off. While the boys were playing ball, at recess, someone hit Howard's pocket with a bat. The bottle was broken, and the molasses ran down

Howard's leg. After that, the name "Lasses" stuck to Howard.

"From the age of five," says Maude, "I remember I always went to my father, in any emergency. This was instinctive, since Mother would never accept responsibility of any kind. When I stubbed my toe, and it was bleeding, I never went to my mother. Either I would have Amy or Howard go to the field, or wherever he might be, for Dad, or I would sit and wait until I could get hold of him myself. Mother could not stand the sight of blood."

Twice, Maude recalls, when she had caught fire, once, from gasoline while cleaning a blouse, and on another occasion, her mother took one look at her, enveloped in flames, and said, "If my child burns up, I don't want to see it." Then, away she went toward the front part of the house, closing all the doors behind her. A neighbor heard Maude's screams, jumped the fence, and put out the flames.

"I can remember," says Maude, "Dad sitting in the old rocking chair, the only loved thing of his mother's that we had, and holding me in his arms, all the night long, when I had a 'quinzy sore throat,' as I frequently did, as a child. I was more comfortable in his arms and would sleep, while he dozed. Mother would sleep, knowing that her sick child was in good hands."

Next morning, Maude's father would get breakfast for his brood of five, and take her mother's up to her, in bed. He would then braid Maude's hair. He did it in the same manner that he braided the

tails of Kit and Puss, his favorite team of horses, but, if he did it, Maude thought it was all right.

When the children came home from school, their mother would be resting—from what, Maude does not know. House work was forgotten. From the age of ten, Maude was the cook. All she can remember her mother making, that was worth while, was chicken pie. That she seemed to make better than anyone else. She made biscuits, of course, but they were of huge size. "Make them, and get it over with," was her motto.

"You didn't go to a store then to buy bread," says Maude. "First, you gathered hops from which to get a 'start.' Believe me, we were careful of that 'start.' We didn't like to pick more hops. Mother's bread was never too good, for she didn't give it 'too much mind'."

How Charles Wesley Nation put up with his wife's ways so patiently is a wonder. When Maude asked him one time, he just stroked his chin, looked at her, and said, "Maude, it's just too late now to change your mother."

"She was a tiny little thing—never hit the hundred pound mark—dainty and helpless, and we took care of her," says Maude. "When we became exasperated with her for not assuming responsibility, Dad would say, 'That is your mother, and you must respect her'."

His own mother had died when he was quite young, and he had had a step-mother who had not been interested in a step-son who craved knowl-

edge. He often told Maude that she was like his own mother, and had her ways. She, also, had been a blond, and on the chubby side.

Maude was a mischievous child. She seems to have had a part in most of the antics around home. Once, she and Amy had heard corn shuckers talking about sticking their tongues on a frosty axe. The girls thought they would try it. They got up early one morning, and found an axe covered with frost. Maude got Amy to try it first, but her tongue didn't stick. Then, Maude thought she would try a cold harrow tooth. Her tongue stuck so tightly she couldn't pull it away. Her father came to the rescue, and loosened it with warm coffee. The skin came off Maude's tongue, and left her fully satisfied with only a single experiment of this kind.

Charles Wesley Nation was usually very patient with his children. One time, he bought a gallon of Kentucky Wonder bean seed, and told Howard and Maude to plant it between the rows of corn in the field.

One row had been planted fine, when Howard said, "My! It's hot!"

"Yes," Maude agreed.

"I bet the fishin's good."

"Yes," said Maude.

"I'll tell you," exclaimed Howard, "let's put all the rest of the beans in the fence row, and go fishin'!"

"All right," said Maude.

Everything seemed all right until the beans came up. Then, they fairly knocked each other out of the hole where they had been dumped. When he discovered this evasion of duty, Charles Wesley Nation only looked sorrowful.

"The only time that I can remember that Dad got rough with us," says Maude, was one time when we were playing doctor. Howard, acting as the doctor, had given Amy a big dose of quinine on the end of a pocket knife, and was just administering the same to me, when Dad came in. He *whaled* all three of us good!"

Chapter VI

Mother

Though Eunice Marinda Nation was dainty and lady-like, and did not assume many of the ordinary responsibilities of her home, she possessed a certain sensitivity which caused her to take upon herself some rather unusual tasks. Her superstitions and doings were often amazing. She was what is called a water witch. This was said under one's breath in those days, although no farmer would think of sending for well diggers until the spot for the new well had been witched.

One of the first critical problems of the pioneer farmers in Illinois was where to find drinking water. At first, it had to be hauled in barrels, by team and wagon, for miles. A few tried drilling deep wells, but the cost was prohibitive. Then some farmer would discover that he had the power to witch water, and rapidly achieve community-wide reputation. The practice spread, and soon, no matter where one would go, he could find someone in that community who could witch water.

Water witching, or "dousing" was not new. Locating underground flowing water with aitching rod, divining rod, stick—what you will—is a folk ritual pattern extraordinarily persistent in rural American life, but the practice is much older.

Researchers point out numerous examples in the Bible of the miraculous use of a rod in securing water, going back even to Moses. The Scythians, Medes, and Marco Polo report its use. In eighteenth century Europe, its use was called radiesthesia, and was employed for medical deduction. In Holland, dousing was considered a real phenomonen, due to electromagnetic fields, which seemed to be present, also, in the brain of the douser.

The divining rod was used, also, in early times, for locating minerals, much as the geiger counter points out uranium deposits, and the like, today.

The general methods of water witching used by pioneer farmers, and even by witchers today, are practically the same, but specific techniques may differ. This is the general set-up. A small forked branch, as of witch hazel, or some other green tree, with limbs long enough so that the fork can be held loosely upside down over the head, with the forked ends in the hands, seems to be the accepted method of all those who find underground streams of water.

Locating water is not enough. The douser must determine the power of the stream. As the witch approaches the vein of water, the top of the stick begins to turn down. If the pull on the stick is slight, the vein is small, and there is little use to dig in that particular spot. The douser must locate a better vein. When he finds one with a strong pull, he again approaches the spot slowly, counting the number of feet he travels. That is the depth to dig. "It never misses," so some old timers say.

In the early 1800's, there was much land clearing, and need of deep wells for watering of stock. No special machinery was available for well digging, but each bit of earth was put into a bucket and raised by a pully. As the well gained in depth, the digger was in great danger, should the rope break, or should the helper become careless and let the rope go slack. To dig and find a dry well was real tragedy.

Maude Nation Lanham recalls one incident with regard to her mother's water-witching. The family had some new land to be cleared, and a well was the first must.

"Mother got ready one lovely spring morning, and climbed into the old spring wagon with Dad, to go down to the new land to witch for water. Howard and I sidled around, as we listened to our parents discuss the event. We were not too sure just what a witch might be, but we did not like that name used for our mother. Being eight and ten—Howard was the older—we knew nothing else but to comply, however, when Dad said, 'Come on. Get into the wagon. We have to get started.' Children obeyed their parents in those days, with no back talk."

Maude's mother had stopped first by the old peach tree in the corner of the yard surrounding the so-called haunted house where the family lived, and had broken off a forked limb that was green and limber. As they drove along, she began whittling the stick to suit her.

When they reached the spot where it was thought the well should be dug, Mrs. Nation got out of the spring wagon and hefted the green fork for size. Her hands were so small—she was less than five feet tall, and weighed about ninety-eight pounds—the stick had to be whittled down quite a bit more. Maude's father stood by to help. That had been his job ever since he had reached his majority—just to stand by, wait upon, and adore his petulant and wilful Southern wife.

"After the stick had been sized just right," says Maude, "Mother began her serious work, exercising her special gift. She looked over the location with a practiced eye—and, probably, she had run the cards on it, the evening before—then started walking in a likely direction. She walked in a straight line, first east, then west, and so on, covering all the immediate area."

Then the forked stick began to turn down, as she held it upright between her firmly clasped hands. As she walked on, the witching medium turned straight down, and stayed. There Eunice Marinda Nation stopped. To prove her claim, however, she walked off to a distance and tried it again. Once more, the stick turned down, of its own volition, at the same spot. This time, she stood immobile and counted the number of times the stick would turn downward, in order to be able to inform the men how many feet deep they would have to dig for water.

Digging was begun, and water soon filled the

bottom of the well. To make sure the vein was clear enough, this water was bailed out, and the diggers went deeper, until they passed the bed rock. Water then gushed up in abundance.

"Again, Mother was a heroine," says Maude. "She had been much in demand around the country, for water-witching, even before this."

This particular well, after three decades, was still operating. By the end of that time, it had the latest kind of pump, instead of the old oaken bucket and rope.

Eunice Marinda Nation depended upon card reading for many things, in addition to water-witching. In this, she was a boon to middle-aged women who were bored with their hard everyday routine, and still had dreams of an interesting change of some kind.

During the years that Charles Wesley Nation was farming, the family moved about from one place to another. "We would no more than get settled, with new broom and calendar," Maude relates, "when Dad would hear of fairer pastures, and more productive ground, on the prairie. Mother would groan, as she watched the hired man load her few belongings onto the big wagon for another pilgrimage."

There were two possessions that were never moved. " 'Not the broom! Don't you dare move that broom!' would be the words that my mother would holler at Dad, on our frequent moving days," says Maude, "as he started to drive away with most of our goods and chattels in the big wagon. If the

broom was already loaded, she would grab it and throw it back into the house. We didn't move brooms nor calendars. Therefore, if we planned to move very soon, the old broom had to do. We did not get a new one until later. It was usually bought from a peddler who came by every spring."

Friday was never a good day to move! Maude was born on Friday, at nine A.M., just as the B. and O. train was pulling in at Farmingdale railroad station. "No good will come of this," were her mother's words, told to Maude, later, by an older sister, who delighted, as older sisters often do, in keeping the upper hand.

It was the house in which the Nation family lived at Sherman which was said to be haunted. It was set in a grove of elms, butternut trees, and a thicket of hazel nut and syringa bushes near the road.

The spacious, two-story building had a wide hall extending through its center, and a front stairway leading to the upper rooms. Though the grounds surrounding it had been allowed to grow up in underbrush, the orchard was in good shape. It yielded bellflower apples and maiden blush in abundance, also winesaps, which were kept in the outside cave through the winter, buried along with the cabbage, carrots, and other root vegetables.

There was usually such a cave on a farm in those days. Besides being a storage place for food, it was handy for shelter in case of bad storms. Maude tells of one occasion when her mother, who was terrified of storms, herded the children into their cave, while

her father, calmly, sat on the porch in his rocking chair, and read. The children wanted to take with them what they liked most. Howard took his pet pig, while Maude dragged along by its neck a young turkey. The storm may as well have taken the latter. Maude held it so tightly that, when she came out of the cave, the turkey was limp and dead.

"The neighbors had been telling spooky stories about the house," says Maude Nation Lanham, "but everything went along all right for us in the haunted house until one night about Christmas time."

Maude's older sister, Bertha, who had been teaching nearby, was home for the holidays. The family had retired for the night, and Bertha had, very carefully, locked the door, against ghosts, of the room in which she and Maude were to sleep.

Suddenly, in the middle of the night, Bertha sat straight up in bed, and shook Maude awake. "Did you hear that, Maude?" she asked. Maude listened, and heard what seemed to be a series of mournful groans, accompanied by a pounding on the door, and a rattling sound in the hall.

After a few minutes of silence, the two girls ran downstairs to tell their mother about the strange goings-on. She, too, was terrified. Nothing more happened, however. Nevertheless, they all remained downstairs for the rest of the night.

When the neighbors were told about the episode, they only added to the family's misgivings. Clanking of chains, rattling of wagon wheels, and groans in the hallway were regular occurrences, it seemed.

It was said that the ghost was a former tenant who had been murdered for his money, which never was found.

Whether there was any substance in these stories or not, the result was that everyone was kept on edge. The last night the Nations stayed at this place, they all slept downstairs, and the ghost was even more active than usual. They were glad to leave, next morning.

The mystery was never solved. Soon after the Nations moved, the house was razed, and the site turned into a cornfield. No one would live on the place.

Eunice Marinda was of artistic temperament. She loved flowers. One of Maude Nation Lanham's earliest recollections is of her mother's bed of "Bouncing Betts." These were sturdy perenials which grew from one to two feet in height. Their small pink flowers, several on a single stem, faded into a grey white. They had a distinctive odor.

None of the rest of the family cared much for this particular plant, which seemed more weed than flower. Research reveals that it is termed an ornate weed brought from England by the pioneers. It was also called "My Lady's Washbowl," since the ingredients of its leaves and roots were useful, instead of soap, in the early days. Juice from its stem makes a kind of soapy lather when mixed with water. It is also called "Soapwort."

Other flowers which Maude's mother loved were yellow roses and purple asters. She always had

flowers around her. Purple asters were always a part of her flower garden, which she would weed carefully by hand.

Her artistic nature found creative outlet in many ways, without formal instruction. "We were proud," says Maude Nation Lanham, "of a large painting on glass which she had done. It was a vase of yellow roses, which adorned our living room for many years."

Ten days before Eunice Marinda Nation died, she planted white carnations, not the plants, but the seeds. When someone questioned her about this, her answer was, "I am planting them, and I will see them bloom." She lived alone after Charles Wesley Nation died, August 5, 1933. When her children would try to get her to come and live with one of them, she would say, "Pa left me here, and here is where I am going to stay."

Until her death, Eunice Marinda Nation loved to dance, though she never allowed her daughters to attend a dance. When the first ice came in winter, she would be out skating. Her family cautioned her to be careful, but she was quick to answer, "You better watch out for yourselves." She never did have a fall while skating. She was little and active always.

"Father had spoiled her," Maude says, and we dreaded the time when she might be ill. We never had to face that, however." On May 10, 1939, Euncie Marinda Nation had started to get ready to go to town. She got as far as putting on her shoes,

then went to bed with them on. When her daughter Amy went by to see about her, she said, "Tired," and that was all. She passed on quietly, to meet her mate who had loved and worshipped her for nearly sixty years.

Chapter VII

Springfield

Charles Wesley Nation, Maude's father, discontinued farming, in 1891, and moved to Springfield, Illinois, where he had purchased a feed store. It was located across the street from the "Culver Flats" on Fifth Street, just three doors south of the B. and O. Depot. The family lived above the store.

By this time, Springfield had grown to a city with twenty-six thousand population. The first settlement in the region, 1818-1819, had been made in what is now the north-western part of the city, by hunters and trappers from South Carolina, Virginia, and Kentucky. In 1921, the first three county commissioners named it Springfield. Then, at the time John C. Calhoun of South Carolina was at the peak of his popularity in the West, three proprietors of land, Elijah Iles, Thomas Cox, registrar of the land office, and Pascal P. Enos, receiver of public moneys at the land office, tried to change the name to Calhoun. However, there arose strong opposition to the name of the Great Nullifier, many people refusing to recognize it. In 1823, the post office was established under the name of Springfield. On February 20, 1833, by act of the General Assembly, Calhoun was merged into and became a part of Springfield, and so the name has remained.

The word Springfield probably came from a small stream, Spring Creek, that meandered in a northwesterly direction from the south-east. It furnished water for those first settlers whose dwellings were in the region of what is now the intersection of Jefferson and Klein to Jefferson and Second Streets.

Springfield was incorporated as a town in 1832. After a long, hard fight, it was selected, February 28, 1837, as the state capital, through the efforts of Abraham Lincoln and eight other members of the Illinois Legislature. They were known as the "Long Nine." As a group, they averaged six feet in height. Springfield was incorporated as a city on April 6, 1840.

Back in 1830, only nine log cabins were strung along a distance of about two miles. These were occupied by the Kellys, Ellises, Lautermans, Lindsays, Littles, and Daggets. The first man outside the Indians, to visit the site, it is said, was Elisha Kelly, a bachelor from North Carolina. Prospecting for good hunting grounds, he became so impressed with this region of Illinois he returned to Carolina and induced his father, Henry Kelly, his four brothers, and some of their neighbors to come to Illinois.

It was his brother, John Kelly, who built the first cabin, a double log house, the site of which is now marked by a memorial stone. Also, in 1821, be built the first courthouse of Sangamon County, a log structure, one story high, and having a plank floor. For its construction he was paid $72.50, according

to the bronze tablet erected by Springfield Chapter D.A.R. marking the site at the intersection of Jefferson and Second Streets.

In the beginning, everyone made it a point to have his yard drained by the "Town Branch," the name then of the small stream fed by waters from bluffs, since leveled in the city's progress. This stream had all sorts of depths, depending upon the surrounding terrain. There was a "deep hole" at the spot which is now the corner of Seventh and Cook Streets, we are told. Here, large fish might be caught. About where the present Y.W.C.A. is located was a swimming place.

For about thirty-six years, the "Town Branch" served as an open sewer, that helped make Springfield "a muddy, uncleanly place," according to its rivals. In 1835, the editor of the Rockford Forum described Springfield as "a city of 7,000 or 8,000 inhabitants without a single good sidewalk." As late as 1878, a visitor from the East called Springfield "a byword for impassable streets." The city, it seemed, was reluctant, for years, to rid itself of the hogs that wandered its streets, wallowing in mud, and disputing possession of the narrow board walks with pedestrians. It was argued that to ban the hogs would deprive the poor of meat. Besides, the porkers served as garbage disposals.

It was in the late fall of 1853, on a wooded twenty acres, then on the outskirts of Springfield, now occupied almost entirely by Sacred Heart Academy, Catholic girls high school, that Illinois

held its first "rural jubilee," later to evolve into the State Fair.

The prospective "jubilee" caused Springfield newspapers to try to spur the citizens to an all-out clean-up. Removal of brick bats, old hats, old boots, rags, bones, and manure was suggested. In addition, the newspapers said the hog holes should be filled up. Street crossings were becoming so bad that a carriage pulled at a trot was in danger of breaking its springs.

A downpour of rain came on the opening day of the "jubilee," or fair. A New York Tribune reporter, present for the big event, said that rain caused "such a continent of mud as to almost defy locomotion" and that swine were "more numerous on the streets of Springfield than on the fairgrounds."

At another time, much later, animals had an important part in Springfield, though they were not wandering the streets. During World War I, as an inspiration for the people of Illinois to take full advantage of every acre of ground, Governor Frank O. Lowden was instrumental in purchasing sheep for the state. These grazed on the capitol building grounds and the fairgrounds.

Going back to early efforts to ban animals from the streets of Springfield, some quaint city laws were preserved until recently. Until the regime of Mayor John E. MacWherter, 1951-1955, a city ordinance read: "No person shall drive upon or along any paved street or alley, or paved portion thereof within the city more than five head of cattle

or hogs at any one time under penalty of a fine of not less than five dollars nor more than one hundred dollars. Don't allow your horses, cattle, swine, sheep, goats, or chickens to run at large."

The very first pavement in Springfield was laid in 1870, around the city square. It consisted of sawed blocks of wood. In 1872, a section of Washington Street was paved with red slag cedar. It was still there in 1892, a year after the Nations came to the city to live. The first permanent pavement had been laid in 1878.

In 1887, brick was beginning to be used, and there are still many remnants of the old brick pavement and sidewalks in Springfield. Paving the city did not progress rapidly. In his column "Making Conversation," May 21, 1952, Mr. J. Emil Smith tells of how John P. Snigg recalled a track meet in which he took part in 1906, his last year in Springfield High School. As captain of the track team, he had proposed a series of cross country runs. The track was a run around the Old High School, then south on Pasfield Street. The story says: "Shortly before the first call for the initial track and field event, there was a terrific downpour of rain. . . . Then came the call for the mile bicycle race, and by now the track was a sea of mud. . . . It was impossible to ride a bicycle in that quagmire." The winner picked up his bicycle, threw it across his shoulders, and ran carrying his wheel on his back, until just before he came to the tape. Then, he managed to mount the wheel and cross the line.

Springfield was the first Illinois city, with the exception of Chicago, to build a water works system. This was done in 1868. Reservoir Park held the four million gallon capacity reservoir.

Springfield also had been the first city outside Chicago to build a street railway. The street car company was chartered in 1861, but it had to wait until the end of the Civil War to begin operating. On a cold January 1, 1866, the Capital Railway Company started out its first car on Monroe Street, from Tenth to Lincoln Avenue. That summer, on July Fourth, the Fifth Street line was launched.

Springfield's regular street car transportation ceased on December 31, 1937. The last car traversed the Fifth Street line, which in its beginning had been so popular for pleasure rides.

The city saw its first electric lights on July 21, 1881. For a number of years previous to that, the streets had been lighted by gas lamps. This service was chartered in Springfield in 1854, and the city had its first gas lights in 1855. There were just two miles of main. In the evening, some lamplighters might be seen moving from post to post, carrying a ladder and a ready torch. Others, however, did not carry ladders. In certain districts, the lamp posts were so short that a man with a three foot rod could do the lighting without use of a ladder. He would insert a match in the rod, leap, strike the match on the side of the post, flip open the lamp door, turn on the jet, light it, and close the door. Doing this in one leap must have required much practice.

About that memorable night in 1881, when electric lights first flashed on in Springfield, Mr. V. Y. Dallman, on the seventieth anniversary of the event wrote in his column "Assorted Smiles" that an unnamed reporter told that the "streets around the public square and other business places were thronged with people.—The largest crowd was on the north-west corner of the square, where *four* lights could be seen at one time." There were ten lights in all, seven of them inside buildings, and three upon the streets. In the same column, Mr. Dallman quotes this amusing bit from an editorial in the Illinois State Register of July 22, 1881: "Those who choose darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil will never take stock in it." The lights were each of two thousand candle-power.

In Springfield, the gas light era really ended in 1891, when the city council first passed an ordinance permitting use of electric lights.

By 1873, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley Nation first came to Sangamon County, the city of Springfield had been incorporated for more than thirty years. The partially completed Lincoln Monument, designed by Larkin G. Mead, Junior, was dedicated on October 15, 1874. Ground for the present State Capitol Building had been broken on March 11, 1868, but the building was not entirely completed until 1888.

Then, what had been the fourth capitol building of Illinois—the first to be erected in Springfield—was actually conveyed by the state to Sangamon

County for a courthouse, though arrangements by law had been made for the transfer, February 25, 1867, and the county had come into possession of it in 1873. The official laying of the cornerstone, on July 4, 1837, of the building then to be the new state house took place before several thousand persons gathered from throughout central Illinois. As a climax to the bitter struggle against bringing the state capital to Springfield from Vandalia, the ceremonies on that gala occasion are said to have far outstripped the regular Fourth of July celebration of that year.

Prominent among the spectators, and, probably, one who stood in the front row and was introduced to the crowd, was Abraham Lincoln, a young attorney already serving his second term in the legislature.

The first state house building, in Springfield, was not completed until 1853, a total of sixteen years after the cornerstone was laid. With the addition of a new first story, and a few other changes, this structure still serves as the Sangamon County Court House.

In 1878, five years after the Nations came to Sangamon County, the Illinois Watch Company produced the first open face watch used in the United States. In the following year, Springfield's great poet, Vachel Lindsay, was born.

By 1892, a year after the Nations came to Springfield, the capital was known as the "Flower City". Flowers were everywhere, also shade trees. Be-

sides these, the wonders of the city for the Nation children, who seldom had had the opportunity to spend a day away from home, were terrific.

Not the least of these wonders was the Illinois State Fair, which was permanently located in Springfield, 1893. Besides all the entertainment and excitement at the fairgrounds, the city square had outstanding attractions. The arches which canopied each of its four corners were brilliantly lighted at night. High divers, trapeze performers, and the like, went through their acts all around the square. Those arches, which had been erected when the soldiers returned from the Spanish-American War, remained in position until about 1926.

After its first two years in Springfield, the Illinois State Fair had had a nomadic existence, with most of the larger cities of the state vying with each other to entertain it. In 1855, the fair was held in Chicago, and again in 1865 and 1866. It was held in Alton, Peoria, Centralia, Jacksonville, Decatur, Ottawa, Quincy, and other cities, at different times.

Through the years, down to the present, there have been three periods when the Illinois State Fair was abandoned: in 1862, because of the Civil War; in 1893, when the World's Fair was in progress in Chicago; in 1942-1945, when the fairgrounds were occupied by the U. S. Army as an Air Corps supply depot.

There are many interesting highlights concerning the fair in its wanderings. I shall record only a few.

Springfield was not the only city, it seems, with hogs wandering the streets in those early days. When the State Fair went to Alton, in 1856, the city council ordered strict enforcement of a city ordinance prohibiting hogs from "roaming at large in the business portion of the city."

Even at that time, crowds attending the fair seem to have been large. One writer says of that fair, "Clad in homespun, traveling by prairie schooner, surrey, steamboat, and that newest mode of transportation — the railroad — thousands of pioneers headed for Alton."

The fair year 1858 was historic, even though Illinois was in the grip of a depression, which reduced attendance. This time, it was held in Centralia. Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas were engaging in their famous debates while campaigning for election to the U. S. Senate. In the course of a speech, to about two thousand persons on the fairgrounds, Douglas launched into an unfavorable description of the opposition party. An unidentified woman interrupted Douglas, by stalking to the front of the platform and proposing three cheers for Abe Lincoln. The crowd took up the challenge, and Douglas is said to have slunk from the stand, making no further effort to speak.

Lincoln was to lose that campaign, but, two years later, Destiny called him to the White House.

Fair crowds picked up again after the war. In Quincy, 1867, this caused inflation to set in. With thousands of visitors straining hotel facilities, and

hundreds camped in tents, prices skyrocketed. Lower class hotels doubled their one dollar room rates. The better hotels raised their prices from three to eight dollars a day.

Crowds fell off again, in time, and many cities no longer wanted to entertain the fair, because of costs. These factors caused the State Board of Agriculture to feel that the fair must have a permanent location.

The Illinois State Fair has broadened greatly in scope through the years. Now, it is probably the largest exposition of its kind in the United States, or in the world. It is a multi-million dollar project.

Besides the fair, there were other wonders in Springfield in the 1890's. It was a time of patent medicines, before the Pure Food and Drug Act was in effect. That did not come until June 30, 1906.

Maude Nation Lanham relates: "I remember that Howard, Amy, and I attended a Medicine Show at the old Chatterton Opera House, along with Mother, of course, when *Korak Wonders* was being demonstrated by one of the traveling *Medicine Men.* Specimens of worms, tape, hook, thread, and ring were generously displayed in large glass bottles filled with alcohol."

All inward torments of children, in those days, were not just stomach ache, but were due to parasitic worms, of one kind or another, in the intestines. The aches and pains were diagnosed as the gnawing, boring, or working of one of the worm species.

Maude says, "The *Doctor* stated that everyone

had worms. We would look at our *worm riddled* little bodies and wonder how long we could last. *Korak Wonders* was the discovery of all time! It would cure abscesses, too. Always, the cause of them was worms (worm aneuysm). The *Doctors* would use large words to prove that they were educated. Many of them came through the 'Diploma Mill,' and I could name one or two still living and practicing. They are good now, due to experience."

Two or three bottles of the Wonder Cure-All were bought by Maude's mother, and the children carried them home, but carefully. Howard and Maude decided to try out the drug on their dog Snick. They gave him a liberal dosage, and awaited results. In due time the cure-all took effect. They almost lost their pet from too much purgative.

Maude says, "I cannot remember that we children ever took any of it, but just let the worms 'gnaw and bore.' Mother soon lost interest in the hullabaloo of *Korak Wonders* and found a new outlet. Meantime, every once in a while, we had doses of sugar, doused in turpentine, vermifuge, sulphur and molasses, in the spring, and asafetida in bags hung around our necks, in winter, to keep off diseases. They did keep folks away, which was one good thing for all concerned."

A little later, the Nation family moved from the Fifth Street apartment into a house, and Mrs. Nation immediately started making it over to suit her taste. She had, it seems, the Edwards restlessness, inherited from the Wales clan. As soon as she had

a house fixed to suit her notion, the notion changed, that house was sold, and the family moved to another.

She had a large kitchen and double pantry built onto the new place. It was attractive, with light green walls. About the time it was finished, a wandering "Medicine Man" came to the back door, selling a wonderful remedy for worms, and, in fact, anything that might be a current ailment. Mrs. Nation, immediately, told him about Amy. She was a pale little gypsy type, with long auburn braids. She lacked pep, and would gnash her teeth, and pick at the bed clothes.

"Sure sign of worms," said the *M. D.* and out he went into the back yard and picked some garlic. He told Mrs. Nation to make a tea from it, and give it to Amy three times a day.

He took one look at Maude—so different from her little dark-skinned sister—and seemed to size her up. Her cheeks were always full-blown. She was of typical English type, with flaxen hair. She was often called "Swede," rather than by her own name. She was roly-poly, and showed no signs of worm damage.

The Doctor's suggestion was that she take a raw egg every morning, and he told her exactly how to do it. She should break the shell very carefully, and gulp the egg down whole. In no time at all, she would have the most beautiful skin, and her hair would be glossy and most plentiful.

"At that time," Maude says, "my braids reached

my knees, and I do not know why I should have wanted to have it more plentiful, except that my father's sister, my Aunt Amy, had hair that coiled on the floor when she was standing erect. His other sister, Carrie had hair so thick that it took two days to dry it after a shampoo. My dad always had a heavy lot of coal black hair that was so curly a comb would hardly go through it. Mother, I believe, was the person who started the 'crew cut' style of barbering. She always cut the hair of all four of our men folk, and that was her specialty."

To go back to the raw egg suggestion made for teen-age pimples, or acne, Maude tried it one morning, before anyone else was up. The yolk of the egg broke, and she was well smeared with it. She just could not do it—too fastidious, I suppose, so she had to worry along with things as they were. Maude's mother made the garlic tea for Amy, as directed.

Maude says she had many a stye cured by having it rubbed with her mother's wide gold wedding ring. Warts were often subjected to the same treatment. Freckles were regularly rubbed with lemon juice.

Use of the garlic tea was not an entirely successful venture. Maude's mother had made a considerable quantity of it and put it into a half gallon jar, tightly corked for safe keeping, and placed it in the oven of the range. Next morning, as usual, Maude's father made a fire to get breakfast for his family, knowing nothing about the 'home brew.' All at

once, there was a terrific explosion. The oven door blew off, and the newly built kitchen was completely smeared with the nauseous liquid. No more of that kind of tea was made.

According to Maude, her mother could play any instrument by ear, and, when her children were growing up, it was a custom for them to gather 'round, first the organ, later the piano. Her mother would play, and all would join in singing familiar hymns. Sometimes, her mother would play the organ and the harmonica together. Maude's father had rigged up a frame of some sort to hold the harmonica in such a way that she was able to do this.

Eunice Marinda Nation loved to sing. She was a member of Plymouth Congregational Church for forty years, and on her birthday was always asked to sing. She had a lovely alto voice. Her singing of "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" and the "Bird with a Broken Pinion" moved everyone to tears.

When Maude Nation was about fourteen, she tried to learn the millinery trade. She worked as apprentice to a Mrs. Albright. This was Maude's first job. The work proved to be disgusting to Maude, however. Those were the days of building hats from buckram frames, covering them with material.

The willow plumes used for trimming some of them were about the only fascinating part. Maude borrowed five dollars from her brother Howard,

in order to have a hat with a plume. Then, she and Myrtle Friend, who later became Howard's wife, had hats just alike, resplendent with plumes.

This glory did not last long, however. The girls went out and were caught in a rain. Buckram frames practically melted, and the plumes became bedraggled slivers. No attempts to fluff them up and curl them over the smoke of burning sugar did any good. The wonderful hats were ruined! I wonder if Howard ever got his five dollars back. That was a lot of money for that time.

Once, Maude tried clerking in a store, during the Christmas rush. Store hours were from 7:00 A.M. until 11:00 or 12:00 o'clock at night. Clerks were not allowed to leave the building, even for lunch. Instead, they were fed wieners and sauerkraut. From being on her feet all day, and half the night, Maude would go home exhausted. Three days were enough of that. She did not go back, even to get her pay. It was very little anyway.

Maude worked at various other jobs, using the money she earned to pay for extension courses of many kinds. She was always studying and writing. About 1906, she entered Springfield Business College, later called Brown's. There, she took bookkeeping. Later, she studied shorthand and typewriting at Illinois Business College. This led to her work with the Springfield Transportation Company.

For recreation, in addition to the street car rides and the State Fair, there was the White City, an amusement park in the east end of town, where

all-day picnics were fun. There was a roller-coaster, merry-go-round, a dance pavillion, baseball field, and a carnival with numerous concessions. The active period of this fun center lasted two decades, then interest waned and the place was dismantled. It was in its heyday in 1907.

The first movies were available in Springfield in 1905. When Maude's first boy friend took her to the Nickelodeon, that was wonderful. This theatre was located on the east side of Sixth Street, between Monroe and Capitol.

There was other entertainment at the Chatterton, besides medicine shows. As the town had grown, traveling troupers visited Springfield, and it became necessary to erect places for their shows. One of the earliest was Rudolph's Opera House, located at Sixth and Jefferson Streets. It was built in 1866, at a cost of $160,000. It was a barn-like structure, but, in the years that followed, was a popular place of entertainment until it burned. In the middle seventies, the opera house had been purchased by Jacob Bunn, Senior. It caught fire on the night of March 17, 1876. When Mr. Bunn was notified of the fire, he is reported to have said that he couldn't put it out, then turned over and went back to sleep.

The opera house was almost completely destroyed, but was rebuilt. Later, it was sold to George W. Chatterton who owned a jewelry store on the public square. Chatterton's was commonly known as the first theatre in the Middle West.

Its re-opening, September 10, 1879, revealed

much gilt, red plush, and an enormous prismatic crystal chandelier. The attraction on that occasion was a concert by Mlle. Marie Litta, from Bloomington, Illinois. Programs for the opening performance were printed on silk. Hired hacks from Little's and Salzenstein's livery stable pulled up to the curb outside.

Chatterton's was visited by many famous actors, in its day. There, once Edwin Booth tore a passion to tatters; Fritzi Scheff sang "Kiss Me Again"; Harry Lauder, "I Love a Lassie"; Lillian Russell, "Come Down, My Evening Star."

On May 13, 1924, Otis Skinner, in "Sancho Panza," was scheduled, but never appeared. On the following day, there appeared this notice: "The Chatterton Theatre, a landmark among amusement places in Illinois, passed into history last night. The building will be demolished, and on its site a new Chatterton will be ready for occupancy next spring." But the new Chatterton was never built.

"There are nostalgic memories," says Maude Nation Lanham, "as I recall Chatterton's Opera House, where I went as a child, and where later I viewed the shows with my first dates, particularly, when I walked down the aisle with a bouquet of red roses, given me at the last moment. I was embarrassed because my brothers were somewhere in the audience, and would be sure to tell me about it later."

Maude was in her late teens when the family moved into the house across from Iles Park, the place in which she was living when she first be-

came a member of the Illinois State Journal staff. The family has been more or less connected with Iles Park ever since.

The name Iles is famous in the history of Springfield. Elijah Iles, born in Fayette County, Kentucky, in 1796, was given, when still a boy, three hundred dollars. His father, from whom the gift came, told him to go out and make his fortune. He bought a hundred head of yearling cattle which, in three years he sold for ten dollars a head.

He invested the money in Missouri land. This he sold, in 1821, and came to Springfield. He boarded with John Kelly, the first settler. The Kellys set a fine table of venison, wild turkey, prairie chickens, squirrels, fish, hoe cake, milk and honey.

Mr. Iles made extensive real estate purchases here, at $1.25 an acre. He and three others laid out the original town. He was active, also, in locating the county seat here. He was the first merchant of the village and its first postmaster.

Iles Park was named for Elijah Iles. The executors of his estate, on May 5, 1887, deeded the land to the village of Springfield, as provided by Iles in his will.

Maude's father, Charles Wesley Nation was custodian of Iles Park at one time. Charlie Nation, Maude's brother, has been connected with the park for years. He began this work in April 1934.

All the previous winter, Charlie Nation had been out of work. Like many other skilled workmen, he was laid off when the depression struck Springfield.

In April, Mr. C. A. Scryver, a schoolmate of his, was a candidate, on the New Board ticket, for park trustee. Charlie Nation pitched in to help his friend. The New Board ticket won, and Charlie was made superintendent of Iles Park.

In one of his editorials of that year, Mr. J. Emil Smith says of him: "Charlie Nation is a little fellow, in stature, but he radiates a personality that anyone might well envy. The people of the southeast section of Springfield swear by him. And there is little wonder. Nation has done much for their enjoyment. As Superintendent of Iles Park, he has put more life and activity in Iles Park than that recreation center has ever known. Not only is his heart and soul in his work but he is always on the lookout for an opportunity to spread happiness."

Chapter VIII

Flying South

Having been swept off her feet by a young Southerner, who roomed in the family home for a time, Maude Nation married in 1910. The man was handsome and seemed to have none of the qualities of some of her sister's boy friends. In Maude's eyes, he was far superior to the young swain who had been courting Bertha, and even to her fun-loving brothers and cousins who played tricks upon them.

Maude recalls how four of their country cousins from "Little Egypt" came to Sangamon County to help with the corn shucking. Maude's two brothers and these cousins liked to play tricks on the young men who came to call on Bertha. One young man, whom Bertha eventually married, drove up in a new buggy, drawn by a team of high steppers. The boys could hardly wait for darkness to fall so they could work things over.

When it did get dark, and the coast was clear, the boys set to work. They changed the back wheels of the buggy to the front, tied the lines in knots, and took from the box on the buggy seat the lovely ripe peaches brought along as a special treat for Bertha. For them, they substituted large green tomatoes. Then, hiding in the shrubbery, they waited for the young man to start home.

The boys' patience finally became exhausted in waiting, so one of them slipped into the house. On the floor of an upstairs room, he pounded long and loudly. This was just over the parlor. Mr. Nation did not hear it, although he was supposed to be making the warning noise.

Gleefully, the boys watched what happened next. There were fireworks for a while, when the young man found out what had been done by the pranksters, but, finally, he gave up trying to set things right, and drove off, with the front wheels on the back, and *visa versa,* rattling and bumping down the road.

These same young cousins, who indulged in such horse play, are now substantial citizens. They struck oil in White County, on property previously considered worthless.

Modern Woodman log rollings were held at Old Berlin, back in the time when the Nations lived in Farmingdale. Maude has recollections of going to one of these with her parents.

There would be the judging of babies, then as now, one of the highlights. Maude's youngest brother, Charlie, was about the right age to be entered. Her mother dressed him up in a red dress, with a big collar. Boys wore dresses in those days, until they were about three. "Charlie was a cutie," Maude says, "but he did not win. Mother, as well as a couple of dozen other mothers, felt that the judges were not 'too bright'."

Bertha was attending Betty Stuart Institute at

that time. This finishing school for young ladies was run by Andrew Brooks and his daughters as teachers and owners. After Bertha entered this school, she was often mortified by the behavior of her younger brothers and sisters, but she was taken down from her "high horse," as her mother termed it, at one of the annual log rollings.

Bertha was going with a young man who was quite serious about her. He seemed to her good enough until she went away to school. Then, he was just a "country bumpkin." Whitcomb, we will call him, came by that morning to take Bertha to the big event. He was dressed up in the height of fashion, with a celluloid collar, stiff cady hat, and tan gloves. He was driving his father's team, used during the week for ploughing.

This time, they started out with Whitcomb in high spirits, and Bertha sulking. She had planned to spend her day with someone else whom she was to meet at the event. When they arrived at the place of the log rolling, Whitcomb explained, "I must have left my money at home on the piano. I haven't a cent in my pocket."

Bertha was already disgusted, so that finished Whitcomb, but good. She looked up another boy friend. Whitcomb just hung around and looked on.

Maude's lover was not like any of these. He was ideal! So she thought, and the handsomest man she ever saw.

After her marriage, Maude gave up her job with the Illinois State Journal and took up residence in

Atlanta, Georgia, in her husband's home, where he was born and reared, with his people.

Here, Maude soon awakened to realities. She learned for the first time that Homer Coffey, the man she had married was of mixed Indian blood. His father was of Irish stock, his ancestors going back to the O'Coffeys of Galaway County, Ireland, some of whom, it is believed, dated back to about the fifth century. He was a man of means, having a chain of meat markets, grocery stores, and a meat packing plant. He seems to have been an understanding father, also, as these incidents concerning his son bear evidence.

Wandering preachers came through Atlanta at various times. Six-year-old Homer Coffey *helped* one of these set up his tent. When the minister was ready for the service, nobody came. However, the minister decided to take up a collection. Homer went home for money. When he returned with it, the preacher gave him a little tract on prayer to take with him.

Homer had a good home, and his father and mother did everything possible for him. Nevertheless, one early June morning, when the mocking birds were singing their hearts out, in the tops of the chinaberry trees, Homer and his friend Bill decided to run away.

That night, Homer thought the matter over for a long time, as he lay in his little spool bed, a sort of trundle bed that had been carved out with loving care by the son of Mary, an old Mammy who had

been in the family since before Homer's time. Homer loved the little bed, and always looked forward to resting on it in his own particular spot, beside the open fire. He hated to leave that bed.

But, very early the next morning, Homer and Bill started out. Homer got up even before his dad's alarm clock had sounded, and been shut off. This was always set for four A. M., so that Mr. Coffey could get to the stockyards in time. Everything must be ready for customers at his meat packing plant, at the proper time.

Bill was hilarious over the adventures ahead, but Homer went with a holding back. That little trundle bed was still in his mind, but he could not back out now, and be called "chicken."

So, they walked out to the L. & N. tracks, at the edge of the city, and sat down on a hand truck to wait for a freight to come in. Their destination was Cincinnati, the place of promise and opportunity, where they believed they would be welcomed with open arms and, practically, given the keys to the city.

Bill was not quite so well off as Homer. He was one of a large family, and did not have all the extra opportunities that Homer did. Homer was taken to ball games, for both his father and mother were ball fans, and, although strict Baptists, they did not curb Homer's normal activities.

Stretching out on a railroad truck while waiting for the train, immediately, Homer fell into a deep sleep, so deep that, when the freight pulled in, with

all its chugging and puffing, he slept through it. Even with the pulling and hauling Bill went through in trying to wake him, Homer slept on. Finally, when he got himself into a sitting position once more, with his eyes open, the freight train had left on its trip to Cincinnati. Homer was free to go home and snooze in his little trundle bed, since the boys had been gone all day, having played hooky from school.

When Homer arrived home, he found that the police had been notified of his absence, and his mother and dad were anxiously sitting around awaiting developments. Homer was allowed just to get into bed, and nothing was said until next morning. Then, his dad took him aside to have a "man to man" talk with him. Mr. Coffey made this statement to Homer: "Now, Son, if you want to leave home, you need not hop a freight. Just let me know, and I will get you a ticket, and let you go in style."

This cured Homer's itching feet. When he was assured of such cooperation in the venture, it lost its glamour.

Homer's mother, of Cherokee Indian and French blood, was proud of her lineage. She was a straight as an arrow, in spite of her age. Her hair was black as coal. It never turned gray.

She was proud, too, of her fourteen-year-old son, Thomas Reed Coffey. Maude Lanham relates: "My young brother-in-law was the genius of the family, and enjoyed a status so exalted that there really is nothing to compare with it today." He had rigged

up an earphone crystal set, ancestor of the radio of the 1920's, so his mother could listen to the baseball games. This she loved to do.

The radio waves were brought in by nothing more than a coil of wire, a tuning condenser, and a small piece of rock, according to Maude. The coil was wound on a tire kit patching holder. The station usually gave forth the live stock market, or the tones of some piano playing "Red Wing" or "K-K-K-Katy," the best Maude can remember, by sliding a spring contact along a brass rod mounted over the coil. One also had to tickle the tip of a fine wire, called the "cat whisker," and, should the "cat whisker" get lost, or the wire become uncoiled, an hour could easily be lost in hunting for the "whisker" and in unsnarling and winding the wire.

Mrs. Coffey used this set until her death, though before that time the family had other radios. She loved the crystal set, and continued to use it because her son had made it, and because, as she said, she could lie in bed and use it without disturbing anyone else.

Aerie was the name of Mrs. Coffey's mother. Aerie was half Indian. She had married Ancil Roe, a Dutch settler from New Amsterdam, a millwright, as they called them in those days, who had come to Georgia, and built flour mills all up and down the Chattahoochee River. He was also a silversmith and repaired watches, quite an outstanding accomplishment for pre-Civil War days.

Ancil Roe was hanged by guerillas, while on sick

leave from his regiment, during the Civil War. He had been serving with a Northern regiment; therefore, he was in disrepute with the Southerners. Many years later, about 1915, Maude recalls that an old, white-whiskered man came to the Coffey home, and told how he had cut down Mrs. Coffey's father, Ancil Roe, and buried him near Marietta, Georgia. Immediately, a marker was placed at the spot for Ancil Roe, whose only fault seems to have been that he was a Northerner.

Atlanta, when Maude lived there, was a city of contrasts: wealth and poverty, beauty and drabness, mansions on beautiful grounds or dreary black streets, pleasant cottages or tumble-down shanties.

The home where Maude lived, and where two of her children were born, was on Leggett's Hill. Maude would go out in the grove of young trees just back of the house, and look at the breastworks still visible. She seemed to see the Hardee Corps, under orders from General John B. Hood, moving through the southern part of the city to steal up behind MacPherson's troops in the Leggett Hill section. She seemed to get a vision of the happenings at daybreak on that twenty-second of July—the Battle of Atlanta and Leggett's Hill, where the hard-pressed Federals fled their trenches, through the wood and up the slopes of Leggett's Hill, where they aligned themselves to the east of Leggett's forces, filling the gap between. She could imagine the Rebel yell once heard there as grappling humanity fought it out.

According to tales told by oldtimers, there were young boys just entering their teens, old men, convalescents, refugees, and soldiers on leave pressed into service. The slaughter was terrific, with no way of really counting the dead. Probably, from six to ten thousand Confederates, and from four to seven thousand Federals either dead, wounded, or captured resulted.

Privation and disease added to the suffering in the city. Confederate money was valueless. Maude's mother-in-law said that Aerie, her mother, had a whole flour sack full of money, of no good for anything. Her father, home on leave from the Union Army, was ill from typhoid fever.

Mrs. Coffey remembered standing in her little bed and crying when guerillas came and took her father away. This same band of roving outlaws took all the meat and livestock with them, leaving a mother and six little children to fight their way alone. All that was left was a pony one of the older girls had hidden in the woods.

A neighbor of Maude's told of those days, and of how the Yankees came through pillaging and burning, chasing the women and children from their homes, and of her brothers, clad only in their long night shirts, running for their lives. A man told of drinking water from the ruts made by wheels of cannon carts, and of eating entrails of animals, many times. However, one gray-haired old woman said, "Always, there were soldiers under foot," and

even then she rememberd saying, "I think I could like the Yankees."

On a warm day in May, 1864, Sherman sent three great Union Armies lunging forward, on the campaign through Georgia, from Chattanooga to the sea. MacPherson told Sherman that from Leggett's Hill he could see the high smoke stacks of a large foundry in Atlanta that he intended to knock down, and Atlanta fell. Leggett's Hill, when Maude lived there, was a beautiful spot. The red hills were covered with young trees, which later gave way to a new city subdivision.

Stone Mountain, that wonder of nature, then as now, was a great mecca for tourists and scientists. The mountain had a great fascination for Maude. Mr. W. H. Venable in his "Brief History of Stone Mountain and the Confederate Memorial" says:

> "Stone Mountain is the largest solid block of granite in the world.
>
> "It is the most profound geologic phenomenon in the United States, east of the Rockies, and surpasses anything of its kind yet known in grandeur.
>
> "It is a bare mass of flawless stone jutting nearly 2,000 feet into the air. In shape it resembles a capital letter *D*, the north side being the straight side of the mountain.
>
> "It measures more than seven miles in circumference at its base, with nearly twenty-five million square feet of exposed granite.
>
> "Its steepest side, a sheer precipice, bulges forward near the center, and faces northward, and on its side is being carved in solid granite the greatest memorial of the Confederacy."

The Venable family, who owned the mountain, in 1916, gave the space for the memorial to the United Daughters of the Confederacy. In 1922, this organization employed Gutzon Borglum to carve the gigantic memorial in the living granite. In 1925, because of disagreements with the organization, Borglum was dismissed, and Augustus Lukeman was named to succeed him. Borglum's work was destroyed, and the work of his successor was only partially completed.

In 1941, the Commissioner of Roads and Revenues of DeKalb County, Georgia, announced a plan under which this famous mountain area would be developed into a park. World War II interfered with this. Then, in 1952, the General Assembly authorized expenditure of $779,000 to buy 23,000 acres, including the mountain, and the Park Authority commissioned Mr. Julian Harrie, prominent Atlanta sculptor, to submit a design, that would include as much of the previous carving as possible that remained intact on the mountain, to complete the Confederate memorial. Recreational facilities were included in the program, so that this State Park might equal any in the United States.

Maude Lanham says, "The Stone Mountain Car Line, put through about 1919, ran beside our home on Leggett's Hill. We watched the red hills go down, being leveled under the wheels of progress, as the electric line was brought into being. Many evidences of the old days when Indians roamed the region were dug up. Arrowheads and other

relics once again saw the light of day. Many had been buried under tall breastworks."

Grandpa Coffey loved his namesake, Maude's son, very deeply, and was always bringing him gifts. Among them was a miniature pair of "Big Ben" overalls—the smallest size. W. J. was dressed in them at once, and felt quite grown up.

Maude always had been afraid of the electric line, for her small son was fascinated by the cars. One morning, she missed him. Looking out the dining room window, she saw W. J. standing at the street corner with others, waiting for the car. Maude hurried out and asked W. J. what he was doing.

"Mommy, I'm goin' to wuk," answered W. J. He was a typical Southerner in speech, as well as birth. In his chubby hand, he held three cents for fare.

Truly, when Maude went to Georgia as a bride, she was pioneering in a strange land, among strange people, who lived upon turnip greens, grits, buttermilk biscuits, corn bread, "Goobers" (peanuts), and sweet potato pie, The only one of these delicacies which Maude Nation Lanham recalls with much enthusiasm is the sweet potato pie. That she still likes.

Work was done the hard way, it seemed. Most of the house work was taken care of by a Negro Mammy, who washed out of doors, boiling the clothes, and stirring them, for a long time in a big iron pot, and heating sadirons over a charcoal burner. She would have nothing to do with an electric iron which was gotten for her.

The mother-in-law was kind, and not so set in her ways. The corn bread which she made consisted of unbolted meal, water-ground between stone burrs, mixed just with water and salt, then cooked on a greased griddle. "When hot," says Maude, "it was not so bad, but, when cold, it was so hard one could scarcely crack it."

One day, while her mother-in-law was away, Maude made corn bread in the way her own mother had taught her, using eggs and milk. After that, her mother-in-law would never make corn bread in the old way.

"When a doctor was needed," Maude says, "first, we always asked my mother-in-law if she had a remedy. At that time, Warm Springs was just a spring, but the medicinal value of its water was well known. We always kept a bottle of this spring water around, and it was considered good in healing small wounds."

The spring was owned, it seemed, by a relative of the family. Maude visited the spring, but saw nothing outstanding about it at that time.

"Superstition was rampant in the South," Maude says. "If a baby had a sore mouth, a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter was sent for. Some of her blood was drawn, then a small wound was opened in the child's arm, and the blood mingled. I have seen many a child die from this treatment.

"As for remedies, *squaw weed* was used, as in the early Indian days, for painless childbirth, and it worked, for those who drank the tea. An Indian

woman could have a baby on the march, and no wonder! This is a powerful weed for the purpose.

"Blackberry leaves were used to cure diarrhoea in babies. An axe, or hatchet, placed under the bed, cut short the pains of after birth. Our old Mammy tried it on me, and it worked!

"Dr. Earl Quillian, our family physician, often said, 'I never worry about you when your mother-in-law is around. She always knows what to do.' The superstition, however, he did not accept."

In Maude Lanham's own words, "The red hills and magnolias, the cotton plantations with share-cropper hands, honeysuckle growing round the door where I lived on Leggett's Hill, on which the forces of Sherman fought on their way to the sea —all these strange sights and experiences, with nothing familiar in the whole city—was more than I could bear. I grew so homesick I had to come back to Illinois for a year, to get over that terrible sickness."

With nothing to do, when she returned to Atlanta, with a colored Mammy to care for her daughter, Amy Ruth, and her son, W. J. Coffey, Jr., who now came along, Maude decided, against the wishes of her husband, and of his father and mother, to go to work. This was an unheard of thing in the South of that day, at least among the better families. Inactivity was not one of Maude's natural characteristics, however. To keep from being homesick, it was necessary for her to keep busy. She secured a job with the S. E. Bell Telephone Company, during

a strike, when only men, temporarily, "manned" the switch boards.

"It was then," says Maude Nation Lanham, "I learned that I did not know how to talk! My Yankee way of answering calls could not be understood by the Southern folk. Besides, it was too obvious that I was a Yankee, and that did not make for accord in the situation. So I was sent to school for a period of time, and taught to drawl and say 'you-all' and such. Then, I became a switch board supervisor."

Mr. and Mrs. Coffey were very good to Maude and her children. Father Coffey, at one time, tried to make Maude happy by going into the chicken business with her. He put a tall fence around about au acre of ground, and bought two brooders. These were kept, one in his room and one in Maude's. He bought three hundred Rhode Island Red eggs, and had two brooder houses built within the fence.

These brooder houses were heated with hard coal burners. Coal was expensive, too. It was scarce there. Shipped in from Pennsylvania, it was seventeen dollars a ton. One night, Father Coffey went out about midnight, as usual, to fix the fire in the coal burners. He turned up the thermostat and, evidently, forgot to turn it down again. The chickens were burned. Only one survived. Mr. Coffey and Maude went out of the chicken business.

When Billy, the surviving chicken, grew to be good size, he would come into the house and squat down by the fireplace. "Grandma didn't like that," says Maude. One Sunday, when Maude and the

children came home from Sunday School and Church, Billy was missing.

Ruth asked, "Where's Billy?"

No one answered.

Grandma had chicken and noodles for dinner. Suddenly, W. J. said, "I'll bet that's Billy in the pot."

And so it was. That really was the end of the chicken business.

When Ruth was about thirteen months old, she became ill. Nothing agreed with her. Grandfather Coffey, who loved the children very much, always got them up at four o'clock, to eat with him before he went to the stockyards. He fed Ruth hot biscuits and coffee. No wonder she was ill!

Everything was tried, to help her. It was no good. Finally, at the coal yard—a fenced in pile, where goats were also kept—the manager asked Mr. Coffey why he didn't take a fresh milk goat home, and give Ruth the milk. He did, and she got well, and became a sturdy child.

Maude's husband, Homer Coffey, had become ill, and had been transferred to a hospital in Miami, Florida. Later, the father-in-law, in whose home Maude had continued to live, also died, and Maude had to assume complete care of her children.

In 1923, the telephone company for which Maude had been working, transferred her to Springfield, Illinois, and it was necessary for her to bring her two children, Amy Ruth and William J., home to her mother.

Chapter IX

Hollyhock Hill

Maude now lived in her mother's home and worked for the telephone company, on a late shift. She would get home after 11:00 P.M. It was a hard life, and she could not provide her children with all the good things they had been accustomed to while living with their grandparents in the South.

James Lanham, a contractor and carpenter, had done work for Maude's mother, at various times. He had built up the Lanham subdivision in Springfield and lived there for a number of years. He was a good workman, and Mrs. Nation liked him. Though he was considerably older than Maude, Marinda Nation did everything she could to make a match between Maude and this bachelor. She hated to see her daughter work so hard, and still be unable to care for her children very well.

Mrs. Nation succeeded. In 1924, Maude married James Lanham, and they lived in or near Springfield for the next few years. They bought a twenty-six-acre strip of land, former Camp Butler property, from the Uriah Mann heirs, who had secured it from the government. The land had stood as a cattle pasture until the time of General Sherman.

General Tecumseh Sherman, who later won fame with his march to the sea, and his dictum "war is

hell," was sent to Springfield, in 1861, by the War Department to select a camp site. Richard Yates, Governor of Illinois, asked William Butler, then State Treasurer, and former Circuit Clerk of Sangamon County, to advise the general.

Butler, Sherman, and O. M. Hatch, a former Illinois Secretary of State, called a carriage, drove out there, and walked over the area now known as Camp Butler. The plot was near the Sangamon River and the Wabash Railroad, and close to Springfield. There was high ground for camping, and lower and more level ground for drill and training, as well as space for a cemetery.

Impressed by all these advantages, immediately, General Sherman selected this site for a bivouac and named it "Camp Butler" in honor of William Butler who had assisted him.

The first troops arrived in the camp on August 5, 1861. Included were infantry and cavalry from Mason City, cavalry from Madison, Macon, Piatt, and Pike Counties, and a battery of artillery transferred from Camp Yates. By a little over seven months later, eighty thousand men had passed through Camp Butler. On February 23, 1862, two thousand very poorly clad Confederate prisoners, captured at Fort Donelson, arrived and were quartered in rude, filthy wooden shacks.

An interesting contrast in economics is found in this. The first contract for supplies for Camp Butler included the following: Mr. W. H. Stewart, of Springfield, agreed to furnish twelve thousand

pounds of bread at two and one-half cents a pound for each of ten days; other Springfield dealers agreed to furnish as much meat as was needed for five and one-half cents a pound.

In 1928, on the twenty-six-acre strip of land purchased by them, on which never before had been such a habitation, the Lanhams' new home was built. Across the brick wall, part of an old stockade, dividing the Lanham strip of land from the cemetery plot, in what is now termed the "Arlington of the Middle West," lay buried eight hundred and seventy-five boys who had lost their lives in the only battle fought at Camp Butler, the battle against the smallpox scourge of 1863.

The site where Maude Lanham's home was built, just back of a young sycamore tree—before Sangamon Avenue became a hard road, when an old hedge fence faced the dirt highway—seemed sacred ground to one who had lived in the Southland, and had had two children born there. Two others, James and David, were born of the second marriage, of Yankee stock. On this very spot, where her home now stood, those Confederate prisoners, homesick and ill, had been brought, and placed like criminals behind the stockade.

The same stream that had served the former prison camp, both for sanitation and for drinking water, ran through the Lanham twenty-six acre strip, Maude had the stream widened into a lake when the dredgers were out in that neighborhood with equipment, in preparation for making Sanga-

mon Avenue a hard road. This lake had a natural bridge across it, and the ducks and geese that came there were abundant and colorful. Here Maude Lanham's four children, two Yankees, and two Rebels of Indian blood, played together, swam the lake in summer, and had skating parties in winter. Skating was a wonderful thing, quite a change from the Land of Dixie, where a snow storm was an event to stay up for all night, because the white fluff would be gone in the morning.

Maude planted trees and hollyhocks about her home, scattering seed by the gallon over the fertile fields that were covered with leaf mold from generations of fallen leaves, and the place became known as "Hollyhock Hill." The sycamore tree which grew and grew was loved and watched from early July until winter. It was very intriguing because every year, like the splitting of a snake's skin, its outer bark was shed to make way for the newer, more ample covering, symbolic of the old life making way for the new.

Camp Butler National Cemetery, enlarged by thirty-four acres, in April, 1949, is now the burial place of veterans of half a dozen wars. The towering stockade walls, which once confined Confederate prisoners, are gone. There are beautiful trees and broad drives. But the house still stands, much as it was when it was Maude Lanham's home. The hollyhocks are gone, the lake filled in, but on every post and piece of the original wood, which had been shipped from Chicago at the time the structure was

erected, is the name of the woman who pioneered in making the site of the prison camp a home, where children of Northern and Southern parentage could live and play together as brothers, in peace.

Maude's oldest son, William J. Coffey, Junior, or "Buddie," as he was called, was a pert little fellow, black-eyed, black-haired, dark-skinned, straight-built, and Indian-like, as was his father. He was a kind of leader, too, especially in anything connected with out-of-door life.

Quite early, one drizzly fall day, "Buddie" started out with his little lard bucket to get some pawpaws for his mother. Often, he had heard her say how much she liked them, after the frost had caused them to sweeten and they became edible. He started out alone, and his mother suspected he had other plans than just gathering the delectable fruit.

The seven acres, to which the family had moved, at Rochester, Illinois, was a long way from Atlanta, Georgia, where he had been born and to which he always longed to return. He had tried to adjust himself to a stern step-father, and the busy ways of his mother's home land, but if was hard to do. There was just enough Cherokee blood in his veins to make him allergic to books and the quiet hours of a school-room. Let someone just mention fishing or hunting, and he aroused from his lethargy in a hurry.

The trouble was he had no one with whom to go fishing and hunting. His step-father, no doubt, had never so much as held a fishing pole in his hand, nor gone to a ball game. Neither did he believe in the

"foolishness" of a day at the swimming hole. Work he believed in, but "Buddie" could not see life that way.

One time, "Buddie" thought he would initiate his two Yankee brothers into the art of fishing with a hook and line. They started out, the three of them on one bicycle, for Bunn Park, where fishing was permitted.

It happened to be Saturday, so they stayed on through the day. When one o'clock came, they had caught about fifty fish. None of them were more than a few inches long, but "Buddie" was elated. However, he became hungry. He asked his brother Jim, who was then about eight years old, to mind the catch while he and David went home for some lunch.

Jim nodded in agreement. He was not pleased with the prospect, but sat there, chin in hand, as was his habit, with the fishing pole stuck in the bank. The sun was hot at that time of day, and the fish smell was strong. Finally, Jim decided the fish had spoiled, having been out of the water for some time. Being on the fastidious side, and not really caring for the sport in the first place, he pulled the fish off the string, one by one, and threw them back into the water.

He had not much more than completed this project when "Buddie" and David came into sight, with the lunch.

Immediately, "Buddie" asked, "How many fish did you get, Jim?"

"I didn't get any," was Jim's reply, "and all the ones we caught this morning spoiled. I threw them away."

This was only one of the many disillusionments that came to "Buddie" as he grew up, trying to make hunters and fishermen out of two boys whose chief thoughts were of books, from which "Buddie" could never get too far away.

In those days, cook stoves were fed with wood, so much wood chopping was necessary. That, to "Buddie" was the biggest, most unpleasant chore that could be assigned to him, so this is what he did. He always had a gang of young sprouts around him, about his own age, thirteen. This was frowned upon by the mothers who thought all boys should enjoy staying at home. The boys enjoyed "Buddie" more. These were of the Huck Finn type, who had a certain affinity for him. He could gather them in, then say, "Hey, fellas, let's get this pile of wood chopped, then we can go to Sugar Creek for the rest of the day." All hands would get busy, and in no time at all the chore was done. Enough wood was chopped to last several days.

In school, "Buddie" was the dreamy type. He would be sitting at his desk, propped up on an elbow, with his mind far away, probably along the creek bank, or on the pet raccoon he had found on a hike through the woods. This pet was the best of all the boys had had.

The coon was kept in a cage over at the home of Jack, a friend. Jack, too, had a step-father who

was very stern, and seemed to enjoy doing things to make Jack unhappy. He knew how much the boys enjoyed "Jip," the pet coon, but one day, while the boys were at school, he took the coon from its cage and hit it on the head with a ball bat. When "Buddie's" mother missed him one evening and went up to his room, she found him stretched out on the floor in utter despair. He had stopped to see "Jip," only to hear of the tragedy of his being killed.

During the big depression of the 1930's, the Lanham family moved to Rochester, Illinois. Then, after several years in Rochester, moved to Springfield. Here, "Buddie's" mother had a hard time keeping the lad in school. Finally, homesickness for the Southland got the better of him, and he decided to run away. His stern step-father would not allow pets around the place, nor did he show him the comradeship a teen-age boy needs from a father. His own father had died when "Buddie" was very small. His mother, the only one who seemed to care for him, was too busy with the younger brothers to give him the attention a lonely boy needed. So, he decided it would make it easier for his mother if he left home and went to live with his grandmother, with whom he had been until his own father's death. He was too young to realize that his grandmother would not accept a little boy who had hopped a freight and run away.

Anyway, it came to pass that "Buddie" and Louie, a pal of about the same age, also having "itchy feet," got out their "Knapsacks"—the bags they used for

delivering the evening paper—secured some rolls at a bakery, and hid all this in the garage until time for school next morning. "Buddie's" mother thought he was more affectionate than usual when she told him good-bye and started him off to school, dressed in his white sweater and trousers well pressed.

When time came for him to be home that evening, he did not return. His mother was much disturbed, The next day passed, but still no "Buddie" appeared. Then, his mother began to check on his friends, and found Louie, also, was missing. The school truant officer had made the rounds, too, but with no results.

At dusk that evening, Jim came running into the house, all excited. "I saw 'Buddie' out in the garage," he said.

Maude went out to the garage, but did not find the truant there. A search was made all around the premises. Finally, "Buddie" was located under some bedding in the attic. He had come home because he was hungry, and because he didn't want his mother to grieve, but for no other reason.

After this episode, Maude Lanham decided to send "Buddie" to his grandmother's for a while, until things would straighten themselves out at home. There, among people of his own kind, who took things easy, and did not believe hurrying and constant working was so terribly important, he would be better off, at least for a time.

Maude made herself ill, however, grieving over the absence of her first-born son who was dearer than her own life to her. It was necessary for her

to get away from it all, so she decided to move to Waverly, Illinois, with her other two sons. Mr. Lanham stayed on in Springfield, and a separation was arranged.

By 1932, Maude Nation Lanham's daughter was married. Maude's son, William J. Coffey, Junior, born in Georgia, was now fourteen, and still living down there with his grandmother. He had been there three years. Maude says: "His grandmother seemed to understand him better than I did. He was more like her people."

The last few years had been a difficult time in Maude Lanham's life, but she did not allow a period of depression, domestic and economic difficulties to break her spirit. Finally, she decided to go back to Georgia. She sold everything she possessed and moved there, intending to make Georgia her home once more.

"My plans had to be changed almost immediately upon my arrival in Georgia," says Maude Nation Lanham. "My Yankee sons did not get along with the children born and reared below the Mason and Dixon Line. I would find them in violent arguments with 'These Rebels,' as they called them, after trying at first, politely, to hold up for their own State of Illinois. 'These Rebels' would make the assertion that Yankees were ignorant, and their strongest statement was, 'You don't even know about Jesus Christ'."

Living in the South just didn't work out right, for the Lanhams. "The constant quarreling of the chil-

dren was too much for me," says Maude, "and my sons being so very homesick, I determined to return to Springfield, and make a go of it, somehow. Were the boys happy! David, the youngest said, as we neared Illinois, 'I could just kiss that good black dirt.' "

Thus, ended the Southern interludes.

Chapter X

Return

What more important work is there in the world than the guidance of youth, the embryo citizens of America? The great possibilities and the rewards of work in this field have been well demonstrated by the courage, the vision, and the devotion of Maude Nation Lanham.

Maude had been very ill before making the final try at living in Georgia. She was far from well when she returned to Springfield a second time, and discouraged, too, almost to the point of giving up. It was an old uncle, living in St. Louis, who bolstered her will power, and caused her to determine to go on, somehow.

This return to Springfield came when the depression of the 1930's, following World War I, was at its lowest. These were the troubled years of bank failures, millions out of work, and fear of war. Jobs were very difficult to find.

During this depression, Maude had lost everything. No one had money to pay rent, but taxes had to be paid. Houses, farms, everything went during this period, even Hollyhock Hill, which was sacrificed for living expenses.

With the responsibility of providing food, clothing, and happiness for her children, and partial care

of her aging parents, Maude worked at whatever she could find to do, for a time. Then, in 1934, she began her pioneering for the welfare of children. She was employed by the Springfield Playground and Recreation Commission as a supervisor of trained W.P.A. workers.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt's term opened in the depths of the national economic collapse, and the famous one hundred days of banking and other emergency legislation followed. Roosevelt started the New Deal program of public works for public relief. Millions of people were put on government pay rolls. Vast expenditures for bridges, roads, dams, and public buildings were authorized—the biggest "pump-priming" experiment in history. Lake Springfield was built during this period, completed in 1933. The C.C.C. was established to supply work of a constructive character, plus training in various skills, for young men who could not find employment. The Social Security Act, aimed at providing for the aged and jobless was put into effect. Play programs for children and improvement classes for older young people and adults were started.

Maude Nation Lanham worked both as a supervisor of playgrounds, and as assistant and leader in play school activities. She was a craft instructor and leader in community programs.

Carolyn Miller Burris had done considerable welfare work in the Highland Community, an outlying district of Springfield. Illness and death rates, es-

pecially among children in the area, were very high. Before Mrs. Burris' efforts, no recreation facilities, whatever, had been available there. Seventy-five percent delinquency among youth resulted.

By 1941, much had been done to better living conditions for the Highland people. In the spring of that year, through efforts of Mrs. Burris, a Girl Scout troop was formed. In the fall, a Boy Scout troop came into being.

Finding a meeting place was a problem. Scout troops did not have money to pay four dollars an hour for meeting in Dodds School building. The Salvation Army center nearby did not want the boys. It was said they marked on the walls. So the Scouts met in the basement of the Burris home, and in Carolyn's kitchen. There they were always sure of doughnuts, cookies, and hot chocolate, and they could play musical records.

By the fall of 1941, plans were inaugurated to obtain a more suitable place of meeting, not only for the Scouts, but, also, for other community affairs. Carolyn Burris went about speaking before civic groups, and sent letters to clubs and other organizations.

As a result, a tract of five lots at the corner of Highland and Holmes Avenue, and belonging to Christ's Episcopal Church, was donated for this purpose through the Bishop John Chandler White. Later, in 1942, these lots were fitted for a playground and four leaders were supplied by the W.P.A., under the city playground and recreation

commission of Springfield. Maude Nation Lanham was one of those leaders.

Recreation activities continued there until November, without benefit of housing facilities. Once a week, a free movie was shown. Other entertainment also was given, such as amateur talent shows, talent coming to the playground in trucks to entertain the children of the community. Popcorn and candy, prepared in the home of Mrs. Burris, were sold to cover expenses of the pictures.

War seemed to be coming nearer. On July 6, 1942, there was a practice blackout in Springfield, and Maude had a blackout of her own. She was in St. John's Hospital with an eye infection. This had been caused by the bite of some sort of insect, while Maude was working on the playground, at the time when trees were being felled and the grounds made ready for the children. Maude's eyes were completely bandaged, when a nurse entered the room and stated, "All lights must be out."

Air raid wardens were stationed at the State House, centennial, supreme court, and archives buildings. Every light there, with the exception of the red beacon in the State House dome, was extinguished. Secretary of State, Edward J. Hughes, handled the throttle on the first warning signal at 9:22 P. M., and the all clear was sounded at 9:46 P. M. Mayor John W. Kapp and a group of inspectors checked the blackout. This was supervised by Charles R. Topp, captain of air raid wardens in the vicinity of the State House. The inspecting party

found only one light visible in any of the buildings. That was a dim blue glow from an electrical clock in the armory.

On August 12, 1942, a second blackout was heralded by a banner headline two inches high across the top of the Illinois State Journal. This first general test was held under the watchful eyes of U. S. Army officers, officials of the Illinois Council of Defense, and local civilian defense officers.

The test provided the first practice for the nearly twenty-five hundred air raid wardens who were charged with the responsibility of seeing that the city was covered with a protective black coating during air alarms. Pedestrians were ordered off the streets, and residences were to be without lights. Motorists were to pull to the curbs, and keep away from fire exits, and fire plugs. Smoking on the streets was taboo. Switches were pulled on all street lights. Inside lights were to be shielded and screened. Any leak of light was quickly reported.

Maude was at home alone during this blackout, all lights out, she thought. She had her radio on and was listening to the proceedings, when a rap sounded on her door. An air raid warden had come to report a light shining through her front window. She had forgotten to cover the radio bulb. Those wardens were really on the job, she decided, as she hastily corrected the trouble by covering the back of the radio.

On December, 8, 1941, Roosevelt had declared

war against Japan. Naturally, this second blackout was taken more seriously.

Springfield was booming in 1942. Smoke stacks were pouring forth clouds of black smoke, and the wheels of industry were spinning. Machinery was humming as never before in the city's history. The worker now, instead of being the seeker, was the sought after. Vacant homes? Just try to find one! The wartime boom had wrought many changes.

Twenty miles east of Springfield, land which a year before had been a picture of waving wheat fields and tall cornstalks, was totally different. Acres upon acres of land formed the site of a huge war plant nearly ready to swing into action, hiring thousands of men and women to turn out war weapons.

Less than ten miles south of Springfield, another transformation had taken place. Farm land had been turned into a war supply depot, the Lincoln Ordinance Depot. All this in less than one year's time! Less than three hundred and sixty-five days since bombs had fallen upon Pearl Harbor!

Within the city, every plant capable of turning out some instrument for the armed services was running full scale. Every able-bodied man not taken for actual fighting was at work at some machine. There was no employment situation now. Even women were needed to help turn out vast quantities of war items. War workers, skilled and unskilled, from all parts of the country immigrated to the area to take part in the construction program.

Meanwhile, the campaign, started in the fall of

1941, for obtaining money and materials for a community building for the Highland area, went on. Dodds School, now a six-room brick building, became a social center. Box suppers, dinners, and other kinds of entertainment for profit brought many people into the neighborhood and created interest in the project.

Erection of the new building, however, proved to be too big a problem. War conditions, including lack of man power, created great obstacles. Again, Bishop White came to the rescue. After the incorporation of the Highland Meeting House Association, in 1942, the bishop donated an abandoned church building at Thayer, for the project.

On August 18, 1942, the abandoned Episcopal church in the village of Thayer started its twenty-two mile journey to Springfield where it was to resume its usefulness as a recreation center for the Highland neighborhood. Eleven men had gone to Thayer on a Sunday morning, taking shovels and other equipment. Their women folk went along with a dinner. The men removed the roof, cut off one of the rooms, stripped the interior of wainscoting, and otherwise prepared the building for transfer.

Moving the structure over railroads and busy highways entailed permits and lifting telegraph wires and cables imperative to the war communications. Mrs. Burris, one of the board members of the incorporation, followed the movers step by step, obtaining permits for crossing railroads and for

lifting wires, clearing the way. This was far from easy. At one spot on the road, when temperature was one hundred and four degrees, the tractor which the movers were using stalled for four hours.

Labor for constructing the foundation for the building and laying the sewer, as well as for the transporting of the building, was contributed by neighborhood men. Most of the excavation for the basement was done by the larger boys, before and after school. When the excavation got too deep for the boys to throw out the dirt, members of the Junior Chamber of Commerce of Springfield went out and finished the job. Local women served meals to all volunteer workers.

Progress was slow. The labor problem became more and more acute. Man power was scarce because of military requirements. Finally, a contractor was hired to complete the work.

By the fall of 1943, basement construction was finished. During the following winter, a forced air heating system was installed. This, too, was slow work, due to war priorities. The next spring, a modern kitchen was built. Springfield chapter of International Zonta Club contributed funds for the installing of fixtures, and furnished most of the kitchen equipment.

Mrs. Burris was the first playground supervisor in the district. Problems were varied and numerous. Choice of baseball captain, sparked by hair-trigger tempers, was one major problem. Child jealousies and conflicts required wise and patient decisions.

In one instance, a boy, after a victorious fight with the team, declared himself the captain. Mrs. Burris said, "He had a profane vocabulary, too." Finally, he brought his father to meet her opposition to his being captain. Nevertheless, the boy was not allowed to be captain until the next season, after he had proved himself worthy and had learned self control. Mrs. Burris insisted upon fairness, and sat on the bench with the players. One might say that Carolyn Burris was a pioneer for the Little Leaguers, for the Dodds district players are now included in the many teams of Little Leaguers of Springfield.

The Little Leaguer idea started before the war, in 1939, with Carl Stotz, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. He had watched the little fellows get pushed around, always left out. He decided they should also have a chance to play, and he did something about it.

The organization was started, on an unofficial basis, in Springfield, Illinois, by Tom Grogan, in 1952. By 1955, there were forty-eight teams in Springfield, split up into twelve leagues, operating independently, each with its own ball park, bleachers, and office, all self governing. There were thirty Farm Teams.

The efforts of the people of the Highland area to provide for themselves and families a recreational center and building cultural and recreational interests could operate was a dramatic episode in the history of Springfield. The story of the Highland

meeting house went around the world, and the courage of the people of that community was recognized in many distant parts, by radio, in sermons, and in other ways.

Of all this history-making, Maude Nation Lanham was a part. She was in charge of playground activities for several years, guiding the Highland youth, and some of their elders, watching and helping the community change for the better.

Maude supervised music, crafts, and evening programs, also evening classes held in the public schools. She taught many things she never had done before, even knitting, square and tap dancing. How? By study from books, by going to institutes held under W.P.A., Red Cross, and Salvation Army supervision, in public buildings and in hospitals.

On the flyleaf of the beginning of a diary Maude kept, 1941-1945, is pasted a list of things of which Maude had to have some knowledge for her work. Handicraft was one title. Under this title were basket-making, bead work, brass tapping, candle-making, cane work, modeling, drawing and etching, finger painting, glove making, kite making, leathercraft, marionettes, metal work, toy making, paper craft, raffia work, soap carving, stencilling and shadow plays. Rug making was important, too. Materials used must be what would otherwise be discarded, such as old stockings, wool clothing, etc.

First aid was a must in her work. All leaders must hold a card and be able to demonstrate their skill. Maude studied home hygiene and care of the sick

under Red Cross supervision, at Springfield Hospital. A red-headed bachelor gave one lesson. He talked on babies and their care. At Red Cross Headquarters, Maude received a certificate for the Red Cross nursing course.

A playground leader must know how to play and score many games—bingo, checkers, ping pong, table tennis, croquet, kite-flying contests, marble tournaments, and ball games. Bingo Maude despised. The children were apt to throw the corn used on the charts all over the place, and, for older women, Maude thought bingo a terrible waste of time. Story telling for the little ones suited her better.

A leader must have, not only musical appreciation, but also some musical ability. Maude started harmonica bands for the children. She says, "I couldn't blow a tune on one of the things under any circumstances, but with the aid of instruction books, I was able to have the youngsters do simple tunes. Children who could not afford harmonicas used combs covered with tissue paper." These bands performed rather well at community programs, which had to be held every so often, Maude reports.

Social clubs were important, too. Knowing how to organize and carry them on was necessary.

Getting to institutes for her own instruction, and to the different buildings and schools to give instruction in night classes, or to supervise club meetings and evening programs was often very difficult. Maude even studied painting on glass. Her diary

comment on that is, "Definitely, I am not an artist." Southern View School, one place where Maude had to go, was a mile and a half beyond the bus line. Maude walked that distance, back and forth. One night, it was so dark she stumbled into a ditch, and ruined her only pair of silk stockings. You remember how long one had to stand in line to get a new pair, maybe!

A leader of playground and school activities had to be almost everything to all people. During World War II, about eighty percent of the parents were working away from home. Small children were left in the care of somewhat older ones, all inadequately trained. Many children came to the Highland playground early and stayed late. They brought babies and milk bottles with them. There were two boys who lived in trailers, but never went home. They stayed all night on the grounds, and were there when the playground opened for the day. This was the only place there was any peace for them. Home environments were not good. Maude watched many of these boys grow up and take their places in service to their country.

Visiting the homes of the children was another duty of the playground supervisor. The purpose of the visits was to give health check-ups with a doctor, and to teach hygiene and child care. This was sometimes quite a chore. There were many family feuds and other unusual circumstances. In one place where Maude visited, the mother, who had all of her four scrawny children each in a little

bed by itself, said, "I keep 'em there and give 'em all their vitamins every day."

These were critical times for Maude. She worked very hard with the playground, with the Red Cross, with the Salvation Army, with the John Hay Homes development. She must do something, and all this left little time to worry.

As time went on, living seemed to become more and more complicated. By 1942, nearly everything was rationed. Stamp books were very important. Most of the time, Maude carried two or three jobs. Then, at night, after her "play" activities, she would go home and do her housework. It might be canning a bushel of peaches. Once when Maude was living in a three apartment building, she had cleaned wallpaper in two rooms, and was papering the walls of an upstairs hall. One of the tenants seeing her, remarked, "What a woman! Nothing to do but work!"

Maude moved from the apartments to a large two-story house where it would be more quiet, and there would be a little privacy. In her diary, January 2, 1944, Maude wrote, "The house is not a home, just a house, with David away, working at the Sangamo until late, and Maude away all night, caring for an invalid. Get home about 9:00 A. M. and get David's breakfast."

Time moved on, and Maude was still more lonely. Her daughter Ruth was with her husband "Doc." When he moved, she moved along to be near him—Fort Riley, Kansas, Searchlight, Nevada, wherever his armored division went. W. J., Maude's oldest

son, was with a marine division located in the South Pacific, James was at Fort Bliss, Texas, and David was with the Merchant Marines, and later in the Army. He enlisted September 18, 1946.

As each of her sons had entered service, another star was added to the silk flag which had a prominent place in her window. Here and there, as the war continued, a gold star would shine out in some windows, showing that a boy had given his life for his country, but all Maude's service stars remained blue. She proudly wore a pin with four stars as she went about her lonely way.

Not all of Maude's work was unpleasant, though at times it seemed so. Thirty-five children enrolled for play school at Palmer the first day, and almost immediately all of them got down with mumps or some other disease of childhood. Some of the children with whom she worked were loveable, and Maude enjoyed them; others were like Sunny, "a regular limb of Satan."

There were rewards, however. Letters came. Maude's diary of January 3, 1944 states, "Jim left for Fort Washington, Maryland. His barracks at Fort Bliss, Texas, were flooded. He said he should have joined the Navy." Maude, too, wrote many letters not only to her own sons, but to others in service.

Hundreds of lives were brightened by this woman's encouragement and many older people as well as children guided to a better plane of living, through her labors.

Chapter XI

Junior Journal Editor

During all the years since Maude Nation Lanham had been a proofreader for the Illinois State Journal, even while away from her native state, she had continued to write to the editor and publisher of the Journal, and to send in contributions, often under the name "Carrie," from her nickname "Carrie Nation."

How strange that both the subject of this biography and the biographer should have acquired the same nickname! I, too, was called "Carrie Nation," for a time, because of an incident that occurred in the seventh grade at school. A mischievous classmate, who sat across the aisle from me, pestered me by taking pencils, rulers, and other things off my desk. Finally, I became so exasperated that I stood up in the aisle and banged him soundly upon the head with the book from which I was trying to study. For this, I received the name "Carrie Nation" from my classmates, from my teacher, approving smiles.

Among the most cherished possessions of the Illinois State Historical Library is the first volume of what is now the Illinois State Journal, the oldest permanent newspaper in the state. A pioneer newspaper, called the Sangamo Spectator, was estab-

lished in 1827, by Hooper Warren, but its detailed brief history has disappeared in the clouds of the past. On February 16, 1829, the Journal and Little Sangamo Gazette rose from the ashes of the Spectator. Its first issue contained the message of Governor Ninian Edwards. The Gazette lasted only a few months. The people could not support a five-column folio—a twenty-column paper.

Then came the Sangamon, or Sangamo Journal. Volume One, Number One bears the name Sangamon, and the date, Thursday, November 10, 1831. The Journal was founded by two brothers, Josiah and Simeon Francis, from Wethersfield, Connecticut. Simeon remained its guiding spirit for the next quarter of a century.

This newspaper first bore the name Sangamon Journal. Then it was discovered that a wrong font *N* had been used in the word *Journal* in the title on page one. Since the plant had only two *N's* of the correct font, decision was reached to drop the final *N* in *Sangamon,* and use it in place of the wrong font *N* in Journal. Thus, on January 19, 1832, the newspaper became the *Sangamo* Journal.

Really, there had been some beginnings of a newspaper just prior to 1831, but publication "froze up." During the historic winter previous to the first edition of the Sangamon Journal, the settlers had passed through the period of the Deep Snow, the like of which had never been before, and has never been since, in Illinois. The severity of the winter practically denuded Sangamon County of

wild game; wolves preyed upon the helpless deer. These settlers could not have looked with enthusiasm upon the efforts of two Yankee brothers who came up from St. Louis to print a Journal.

The State of Illinois was only thirteen years old when the first Journal was laid upon the rough-hewn doorsteps of Springfield. In 1831, there were one hundred subscribers, as compared with more than 73,000 subscribers of the Illinois State Journal and Register in 1936. In 1831, the newspaper was issued weekly, upstairs, in a new two-story brick building located at the north-west corner of Fifth and Washington Streets, across from the north-west corner of the public square. In 1833, the office was at the north-west corner of what is now the court-house square, upstairs, in a brick building fronting the Market House. The following year, it was moved into an east room on the second floor of the court-house.

In 1835, the Journal began erection of a building, and by January 2, 1936 had moved into it. This, the first building which the Journal owned, was located at the north-west corner of Sixth and Washington Streets, across from the north-east corner of the public square. The newspaper plant remained here for about twenty years.

After 1839, during legislative sessions, for a time, the paper was published semi-weekly. The first daily came out June 13, 1848, but weeklies, bi-weeklies, and even tri-weeklies continued for a while. The new name, Illinois Daily Journal was

adopted September 9, 1847. The paper became known as the Illinois State Journal, August 13, 1855.

What was known as the Twin Journal Building, a three-story brick, on the east side of North Sixth Street, between Washington and Jefferson, was erected in 1854. It was here that Abraham Lincoln, May 13, 1860, first received the news of his nomination for President of the United States. In 1879, the Journal leased the Hay building erected on the south part of the present site of the newspaper plant, on the west side of Sixth Street, between Monroe Street and Capitol Avenue. In 1929, while a new enlarged building on this site was made ready, the paper found a temporary home in the building adjoining the Leland Hotel, where now is what is known as the Leland Annex. The Journal had completed the move into the present Illinois State Journal Building by June 18, 1930.

When the Sangamo Journal was only four months of age, Abraham Lincoln announced in its columns, March 15, 1832, his candidacy for election to the next General Assembly. In an issue of the paper two and a half years later, there appeared a notice stating that A. Lincoln (still residing in the nearby village of New Salem) had succeeded Dr. John Allen as the local agent of the Sangamo Journal.

So began the close association of Lincoln with the Illinois State Journal, a tie which endured for the rest of Lincoln's life, and, in the words of Mr. A. W. Shipton, as President of the Copley Press, Incorporated, in a speech before a conference of

that organization, in September, 1939, "In fact, one may say without exaggeration that almost every significant step in Lincoln's career is recorded in the Journal." The profile of Abraham Lincoln still appears on the masthead of the Illinois State Journal as a daily reminder that the oldest living paper of Illinois is a rock of Republican thought and action.

On November 10, 1939, the one hundred and eighth anniversary of the founding of the Journal, the same cover design was printed as was used for the original edition, and the paper had the same typographical appearance.

An Illinois State Journal reporter encountered Mr. Isaac Diller, born July 14, 1854, near the County Court House about the time of the anniversary. The subject of receiving the news during the Civil War was brought up. Mr. Diller related how Springfield received the news of the firing upon Fort Sumpter.

The offices of the Journal, at that time on North Sixth Street, boasted no telegraph wires, no radio, no modern means of communication. There was, however, a telegraph office on the west side of the city square, and the news was run over to the Journal office by courier.

Founded when Illinois was on the frontier of this country's civilization, the Journal lived with, grew, and was the voice of the pioneer people. It was their friend. Written hastily, in the summer of 1864, on the back of an unimportant memorandum, long buried in the White House files, a sentence in

Lincoln's handwriting reads: "The Journal paper was always my friend and, of course, its editors the same."

The Journal always had seemed to be one of Maude Nation Lanham's friends, also. As a reason for her continued contributions to the paper, even while she was far away, and while she was doing many different things, Maude says, "I just had to hold contact with the writing field, it seemed, and with the newspaper with which I had grown up, and my parents before me."

So, during the long years when World War II was occupying her sons, Maude kept on writing to the editor of the Illinois State Journal, though she had not met Mr. J. Emil Smith who had become editor in 1930. Mr. Smith had begun his newspaper career as a reporter on the old Springfield News. Later, he worked on the Morning Monitor, then on the State Register. In 1930, he resigned as mayor of Springfield to become editor of the Illinois State Journal. When the Journal and Register were consolidated, Mr. Smith remained as editor, which position he held until August 14, 1955, when he became editor *emeritus.*

In 1942, when the Journal and Register merged, Mr. V. Y. Dallman, who had been writing and working for the Register since his days in Springfield High School—as carrier, cub reporter, general reporter, city editor, telegraph editor, state managing editor, and, finally, editor-in-chief—remained editor of the Illinois State Register.

Maude Nation Lanham says, "I was always writing something and sending it to Mr. Smith. One day, I received a picture I thought might interest him. It was of my son William, "Bud" as we called him. Ann, "Bud's" wife, who was staying at Nilwood, Illinois while her husband was away, had placed a large photograph of "Bud" on the ground out in the yard, then called his dog to come and see "Bud." The animal bounded out into the yard, surveyed the picture for a moment, then placed his paw on the frame in a chummy manner. Ann had quickly snapped a picture and had brought me a copy."

Maude decided this snapshot was so good she would take it to the newspaper, on her way to work at the playground, and meet Mr. Smith, to whom she had been writing for so long.

Mr. Smith proved to be a very genial gentleman, and very understanding of a mother with three sons and a son-in-law in service, and a daughter and her baby to look after. Mr. Smith talked on for quite a while, and he did use Maude's story, and the picture.

In a few days, Mr. Smith called Maude in to see him again. This time, he asked her to take over the Junior Journal and Register, children's department of the paper, as editor, and to promote it in her own way.

Maude Nation Lanham accepted this offer. Since she had had ten years experience in working with children of all ages, she was well fitted for the job,

especially so because, always, she had had an urge to write. A dream she never had expected to realize was coming true!

This was in 1944. Ever since then, Maude Nation Lanham has edited the children's page of the Illinois State Journal and Register.

That type of children's page had first appeared in the Illinois State Journal in 1932, under the editorship of a "Marian." Earlier still, there had been a different kind of children's page in the Sunday Journal, known as "Kiddie Land Capers." It had been founded, January 27, 1924, and was made up of syndicated material. "Marian's" children's page was discontinued for a while, then resumed as the Junior Journal. Since May, 1942, the page has been known as the Junior Journal and Register, and, since 1944, the editor of this teeming department has been the now well-known "Marian," Maude Nation Lanham.

"She is the perfect woman for handling all the details of the Junior Journal and Register," says Mr. Grover E. Shipton, son of A. W. Shipton, and former assistant to the publisher of the Illinois State Journal and Register, November, 1945—July, 1955. The children, many of whom have never seen her, and know her only by her letters, her voice, and her pseudonym, love her. One little girl, when she called upon Marian in her office said, "Oh, I thought you were a gorgeous blond!" However, the fact that her ideal was not a blond seemed not to change her affection for the real "Marian."

Mrs. Lanham understands children. She loves them, and is familiar with child psychology—with the result that not only children but also many adults gain inspiration, encouragement, and help through her page which appears each Sunday, featuring photographs of Juniors, their original drawings, poems, essays, letters, jokes, and other items, as well as contest suggestions and other messages from "Marian."

Contests add much interest to the weekly page, but responses are by no means confined to contest appeal. The youngsters write in, they come to see "Marian," they lay their little troubles, ambitions, and problems in her lap, expecting suggestions and help in their solution. They ask her to name a new baby sister or brother; they ask her for pets, or to secure good homes for pets they have; they seek help in hundreds of ways. To all of them, "Marian" gives sympathetic attention.

The promotion of the Junior Journal and Register involves a Birthday Club, started by the Journal, in 1932. From a charter roll of twenty-four, as it was when Maude began her work as editor, the club has grown to a membership of some twenty thousand children. To each of them, Maude Nation Lanham sends a birthday card each year. The cards are especially designed, according to Maude's suggestions, by a staff artist, and furnished by the Illinois State Journal and Register. Often, the card design has an educational purpose, such as to show the Illinois State flag, or flower.

The kiddies, in turn, do not forget "Marian." During an illness in a St. Louis hospital, "Marian" received so many "Get-Well" cards from Juniors and their parents that a whole suitcase was crammed full of them for her to take home. Groups prayed for her, especially, the little patients at St. John's Crippled Children's Hospital, Riverton, Illinois, who said their prayers for "Marian" along with their daily devotions. One little girl sent a letter with her kitten's paw mark on the bottom of the page, and the words, "My kitty sends her love, too." "Marian" had made it possible, through the Junior page, for the little girl to have this pet.

Membership in the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club is a must for many tots. As soon as a child is born, its mother or grandmother, who had been a Junior herself, enrolls the infant with "Marian," and from then on until he reaches the age of sixteen, the child receives that prized birthday card. This project, alone, would be a full time job to an ordinary individual.

That the Junior Journal and Register lives on in the hearts of its members, long after their retirement from it, is evidenced by the number of former Juniors who come to "Marian" for help in getting jobs, also, by the great number of letters of appreciation "Marian" receives. The mother of two children writes: "I still feel like I belong to your Birthday Club." Another mother says: "I am sending the name of my son, Roland Eugene, who was born February 13, 1955. I should like to have him in the

Birthday Club. I was in it for sixteen years, and really did enjoy it." Excerpts from a few such letters follow:

"Girard, Illinois
Aug. 15, 1955

Dear Marian:

On August 27th I will celebrate my sixteenth birthday and can no longer be a member of the Illinois State Journal and Register Juniors. The past few years I haven't been an active member, but I do enjoy reading the page every Sunday.

I think you are doing a wonderful thing for the younger generation."

"February 20, 1955

Dear Marian,

This being the last time my name will appear on the Junior Journal page, I wish to thank you for filling the first sixteen years of my life with pleasure."

"March 16, 1954

Dear Marian,

I am writing this letter to express my sincere thanks and gratitude to you. Because I will have reached my sixteenth birthday on March 26, I say with regret that I can no longer be a Junior and participate in the many interesting and educational projects of your page."

Such evidences of the children's devotion to her, and to the page she manages, come to "Marian" daily. Beautifully symbolic of her well-earned esteem is the story of a little girl who, having but a few hours to live, spent the time writing to her beloved "Marian," and, as she wrote, she had on the

pillow beside her, the last Sunday's Junior Journal page. There it still was when the Angel of Death summoned her.

Another proof of esteem for "Marian," and her page, is the following, which was sent to "Marian":

"Diane Saari, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James T. Saari, and a second generation Junior member from Chicago, will have an unique birthday party this year. She has been invited to have the celebration televised over *Little Rascals Clubhouse,* September 28. (1956) This children's show was recently found to be the number one kiddie show in the Midwest area by a TV Guide Poll.

"The guest of honor and her mother will preside over the guest table and will serve refreshments to the show cast and fifteen children present. Diane will be four on September 29. She has a younger sister, Brenda, who is sixteen months old.

"Diane is scheduled to appear in a group of six children on *Romper Room,* WGN-TV, for two weeks commencing October 1. This show is an hour-length kindergarten activity period and the children who appear are selected from literally hundreds of applicants."

With the write-up came this note from the mother:

"Dear Marian:

The above is our most recent 'big news'—tho't perhaps you could use it. (on the page.)

Marian"

The writer is the former Marian Harris who was at one time an active member of the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club. She planned to be a journalist, and worked toward it. She married a dental student, but kept on with her studies until the little ones came along.

Often, she wrote to "Marian" for advice, after her mother died. Once, she asked whether she should go to her husband where he was in school, or stay on with her very good paying job at DeKalb, Illinois. "Marian" suggested she be with her husband. This advice was taken. Mrs. Saari worked right along with her husband, and has proved to be a very good wife and mother.

Mr. James Graham, Rural Route Four, Rochester Road, Springfield, Illinois was a Charter Member of the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club. He still has the fifty cent piece he won in a contest offered on "Marian's" page; also the clipping of what appeared at that time. He wrote under the pen name "Huck Finn II." His daughter, Alice Marilyn, three years old, on June 30, 1956, now belongs to the club.

A lovely token of appreciation received by "Marian" was an original valentine from twelve-year-old Georgeanne Carver, Springfield. The valentine is a pinked edge white cloth booklet, tied together with two red satin ribbon bows. The front cover has appliqued on it a red heart, and the words "Be My Valentine" embroidered in red. The inside of the booklet is composed of two pages

"Lucky" Finds "Bud"

Twentieth Anniversary Party—Mr. Satterlee in background

which are white pinked paper hearts. On them is written this original poem:

"I know someone who is very dear—
Her happiness is helping children far and near.
Her hair is turning a beautiful silver,
But her heart will always be of *gold.*
Her friendship is a gem to treasure—
She loves everyone with equal measure.

Chapter XII

Golden Deeds

The children's page of the Illinois State Journal and Register, through activities promoted by "Marian," reaches out in thousands of directions, spreading in its wake deeds of loving kindness, good-will, and education.

A wealth of acts of loving kindness, "Golden Deeds," have resulted from appeals on "Marian's" page. These have been carried out through straight promotion by the newspaper. Never have the children been asked for money.

Hundreds of puppies and kittens have found good homes, and made children happy, as a result of stories by "Marian," or by some of her Junior reporters. One woman placed a notice on the Junior Journal and Register page, stating that she had three Angora kittens for adoption. All four of them had homes by nine o'clock that same morning. Many of the calls regarding them came from out of town, as far away as Lincoln, Petersburg, Middletown, and Nacomis, Illinois.

Often, "Marian" has interceded for children whose parents have been reluctant to allow them to keep pets. One Junior was not permitted to own a puppy until "Marian" talked his daddy into letting

him have the pet. Later, the boy, then a teen-ager, wrote for the Junior Journal and Register:

"I have a pet dog who was three years old in October, a gift from our editor, "Marian," through an offer on the page. His name is "Blackie," and I treasure him dearly. He is a good watch dog and a great pal to everyone.

"A well cared for pet is a pleasure. One has to give them gentle care and kindness. Too often, pets suffer from cruelty of their masters. Good rules to follow are: Feed regularly, keep kennel clean and sanitary, have plenty of fresh water available, and habits of the breed of dog should be studied."

With each puppy given out by "Marian" for adoption, goes a little booklet, "Compliments of —— Dog Research," telling what a young dog owner should know about raising and training a puppy. These are a big help to the little new owners. Apparently, this lad had made good use of his booklet.

"Marian's" sympathetic treatment never fails her young admirers. She has placed in good homes, not only puppies and kittens, but also lambs, hamsters, parakeets, canaries, and even one happy little bird without a single feather.

One small boy, through the Junior Journal and Register page, had asked for a pet, but, before one could be found for him, he was taken seriously ill, and was hospitalized for a long time. Finally, a pet was found for him. According to his mother, what speeded his recovery was the fact that a dog was

waiting for him when he would be able to leave the hospital.

When the boy arrived home, his dog's bed was under his own. The boy had named the dog "Blue Boy," for no apparent reason, even before he had seen his pet. The neighbors had capitalized on the name he had chosen. One of them had built him a dog house and painted it blue; another had made a blue blanket for the dog's bed. Imagine the little boy's happiness!

Providing pets for worthy Juniors is far reaching in the pleasure and companionship it gives little children. A man's best friend is said to be his dog, but it seems necessary for a child to have a pet, in order that the growing up period may be a happy time. Helping to provide this pleasure is rewarding.

Mickey, according to his mother, was a little boy with a complex. He needed a good pal. Other boys called him "Fatty," then he would draw into his shell. He had had two dogs, both purebred, but someone had taken each of them. Mickey called "Marian" and asked for a dog, just any kind of dog.

"Marian" put the story on her page. On the morning of its publication, an elderly couple called and said that they had a dog which had come to them, and that the boy could have it.

Mickey, his father, and brother got into the family car and hurried out to a little house on a dirt road, where the two old people lived. When the dog saw Mickey, it bounded to him. The animal was a sorry

sight, but he was Mickey's once beautiful white Samoyed. His fur had been clipped, and his dog tag was gone, but he knew his master. This reunion was one to bring tears to the eyes of those who could understand about a boy and his dog.

Sometimes, "Marian" even has found homes for children. She is especially proud of "Golden Deeds" of this type. In one instance, a father, left with two little children, by a mother who had deserted them, called "Marian" and said, "My little ones belong to your club (Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club) and I feel you can help me." "Marian" did. She called the minister of her church, and through him arrangements were made for the children to be cared for in an orphanage, at least temporarily.

In 1950, through the efforts of the members of the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club, a polio walker was presented to St. John's Crippled Children's Hospital at Riverton, Illinois, to be used by polio victims under treatment there. The walker was purchased by the Illinois State Journal and Register, which matched each penny postal card marked "polio" and sent to "Marian."

A big birthday cake which featured the Juniors' anniversary party of that year was given to the polio patients of St. John's Hospital. Seven children, all under the age of three years, each received a candle off the cake, according to a letter of thanks sent to "Marian." Thus, the happiness engendered by the Junior Journal and Register's seventh anniversary party was multiplied.

Similarly, a wheel chair was given to a shut-in. Several radios also have been provided for Juniors who were ill. An eight-year-old Junior suffered a burn so severe that five skin graftings were required on his right leg and side. He was in the hospital nine months. His physician ordered him to exercise his limb by bicycle riding, to prevent tightening of muscles and ligaments. "Marian" learned of the inability of the boy's parents to purchase a bicycle. Again, the Juniors helped carry out a "Golden Deed." As a result, a city health administrative assistant obtained a new bicycle for the boy.

Donations of clothing, blankets, coal, toys, candy, fruit, and baskets of food, likewise, have been provided for the needy. Blood transfusions were secured for a little girl.

Shut-ins among the Juniors are always remembered with cards and small gifts. As many as fifty cards a day have been received by a Junior whose name appeared on the page under a "Card Shower Request." Such a plea brought a boy more than one hundred sixty cards. His mother wrote: "We appreciate your kind gesture in putting David's name in the paper at the time of his illness. His cards, the radio, and other remembrances helped so much in his recovery. All the other children in the ward enjoyed the radio programs and the funny cards. One old lady, ninety-two years old, sent messages. We will never forget you, Marian, and the Juniors and their messages of good cheer. You are, indeed, a doer of good deeds."

A twelve-year-old, with both legs in casts, sent cards with the message, "Keep your chin up," and explained his own condition. This incident, like many similar ones, shows very clearly that "Marian" has been teaching the Juniors thoughtfulness and human kindness to people and animals, and creating a spirit of cheerfulnes and good-will.

One of the outstanding projects of the Juniors, along the line of good-will, resulted from an original Christmas card contest set up by "Marian." Hundreds of cards were submitted in the contest, many of them bearing original poems. After the contest, all these cards were sent out to shut-in Juniors, both in hospitals and homes.

In his column "Making Conversation," Illinois State Journal, Monday, February 12, 1951, Mr. J. Emil Smith wrote: "Springfield people played a prominent part in contribution of old Christmas cards to United Cerebral Palsy, N. Y., this year, to help in therapy training of cerebral palsied children in clinics, schools and homes all over America.

"More than forty-five million cards were contributed. Of this number, 25,000 were left at the desk of Mrs. Maude Lanham, editor of the Junior Journal and Register page, during the month of January."

A spirit of good-will and friendship also is being fostered in the hearts and minds of children through the arrangement of Pen Pals for the Juniors. The children are encouraged by "Marian" to choose a name from the page, and write to that boy or girl.

Names are chosen in different ways. One may choose that of some other boy or girl with the same hobby as his own. Pen Pals may be boys and girls having the same name, who call themselves twins.

Pen Pals teach each other many thing, and often become friends of long standing. This cultivation of friendship is even international in scope. Many Juniors have secured Pen Pals in distant countries: France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Israel, Japan, Alaska, and Manilla. Who can even guess at what importance these letters may hold in the development of understanding and in the lessening of world tensions for future generations.

Education, learning about the ways of other countries, is one of the high values of Pen Pal letters, but the Junior Journal and Register page itself is being used as a direct means of promoting education. Many grade school teachers and some high school teachers are employing the page to spark interest in English composition.

One teacher reported that her pupils were so eager to see their work on the Junior page that she felt she couldn't refuse them when they wanted to submit two or three entries in contests. I quote from her letter to "Marian": "This certainly has proved purposeful writing. Along with their writing, they are learning to endorse and cash checks." The checks, of course, were those sent to winners in the Junior Journal and Register contests featured by "Marian."

Another teacher wrote:

"Dear Marian:

May I as a fellow worker express my appreciation of the work you are doing for the youngsters of this area? For several years I have kept in close touch with the Junior page and have had the children with whom I work send in their letters, stories, poems, and drawings. These children have been much encouraged.

"Over a period of time, you have recognized through your department the work of certain Juniors. I wish you could have seen the delight one Sunday morning when one of our boys received first on a drawing, or the expression of a grandmother when she read her granddaughter's letter on the page, sent in for Armistice Day."

An outstanding example of the educational use of the Junior Journal and Register page is the work of Miss Virginia Fratcher, third grade teacher of Iles School, Springfield, Illinois. She uses the page, not only in teaching spelling, writing, and geography, but many other things, among which is mental hygiene—development of worth-while attitudes and public relations. On a report of her work in using the Junior Journal and Register page, Miss Fratcher won first place in the Language Section of the 1955 "Primary Activities Contest." "Primary Activities," a professional magazine which goes to 225,000 teachers in the fields of science, mathematics, reading, and language arts, is put out by Scott Foresman and Company, Educational Publishers.

In June, 1956, Miss Fratcher and her Grade Three pupils, again, received an award in the National

Primary Activities Contests, sponsored by Scott Foresman and Company, annually.

The winning contest entry told of an inter-school program in which "Marian" had a part. Dressed as an Indian storyteller, she had related the Indian legend of the turkey. The Third Graders had written a pioneer poem. The entry included, also, other composite poems of the children, some of which, previously, had been sent to "Marian," and were published in Mr. Smith's Column "Making Conversation." Another poem included was "One Wish," which had won an award in the annual contest sponsored by the Junior Journal and Register, in honor of National Poetry Day.

In all these ways, "Marian's page reaches out with interest and help. More and more, teachers are using the page, and editors from Michigan, Tennessee, Canada, and elsewhere are writing to ask how to start a Junior Journal in their various communities.

Chapter XIII

Promotion Projects

The amazingly active "Marian" has pioneered in several other fields which have developed with far-reaching results. Individual, civic, and state projects of their kind now are numerous.

One of these pioneering promotions under the inspiration and management of "Marian" was instituted during the week of September 13, 1947. It was a children's hobby show, held in the Lincoln Public Library, Springfield.

This show was an outgrowth of Junior letters to "Marian." So many of the children's letters were about their hobbies that "Marian" conceived the idea of having a Junior Journal and Register Hobby Show, as an outlet for Junior talent, and another method of encouraging the artistic gifts of children.

The Illinois State Journal and Register sponsored this project, an exhibit of the collective and creative work of Juniors in Springfield and Central Illinois. Many different hobby collections were brought together and attractively displayed for the pleasure of the public. The entries were judged competitively, and awards made. Prizes were contributed by local merchants, and by the Illinois State Journal and Register. Every child received some gift.

Such hobby shows were managed by "Marian"

for four successive years. They were all open to boys and girls under sixteen years of age who were members of the Birthday Club. The 1948 display, also, was held in the Lincoln Library. By that time, entries had become so numerous, and the show so popular, that it was necessary to seek larger quarters for the future. Accordingly, the 1949 and 1950 exhibits were placed in some of the art galleries of the Illinois State Museum. In 1951, however, no place large enough for the hobby show could be secured, so this promotion had to be discontinued. After that, "Marian" cooperated in the Illinois State Fair Hobby Shows.

In the first Junior Journal and Register Hobby Show, there had been thirty-nine entrants. In the final show, in 1950, one hundred and thirty different hobbies were exhibited, almost everything one could think of, from the popular stamp and match folder collections to one hundred thirty-seven miniature bars of soap. There was even a model farm. In 1949, the Junior Journal and Register Hobby Show exhibits included such collections as two thousand buttons, four thousand, one hundred twenty-six post cards, and three hundred model airplanes made by a boy within seven years. One entry was made up of a bevy of marionettes created by a fifteen-year-old boy. Also, he had constructed his own stage, and written his own script.

At the end of the last exhibit, in 1950, the exhibitors were guests of the Illinois State Journal and Register at a party in the rooms of Radio Station

WCVS. This was followed by a matinee at the Orpheum Theatre, as guests of the management.

A later promotional project in which Maude Nation Lanham, "Marian," pioneered very successfully, was a Junior Journal and Register Style Show. This was held in the spring of 1952. This was sponsored by the Illinois State Journal and Register, with the cooperation of local merchants. It was free to the public.

Eight Springfield merchants, who featured children's clothing, outfitted Junior models in the very latest summer togs for children, ranging from twenty months to sixteen years of age.

The show was put on in the Springfield Orpheum Theatre, and all local youth organizations were invited to participate. Rainbow Girls, Springfield Assembly, attired in pastel formals, acted as ushers. There was presentation of the colors by both Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. Brownie troops led in the pledge of allegiance to the flag. During intermissions, vocal numbers and music by an accordion ensemble were presented. Entertainment was also provided by a fifty-piece Parochial School Band. Four-H representatives gave a skit on gardening, foods, room improvement, clothing, and rabbit-raising projects. Vocal numbers were furnished by Capitol Safety Choir, under the direction of a local police sergeant. There were performances by groups talented in dance routines. In all of this were members of the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club.

Highlights of the program were musical numbers by a young accordionist group of twenty-two members, all of whom were Juniors, and by the "Journalettes," teen-agers who had appeared in broadcasts of barber shop harmony. An accordion trio, made up of Juniors of talent, was featured.

It is interesting to note that psychiatrists and scientists have concluded that juvenile delinquency is almost non-existent among children who have constructive hobbies, and that older persons with hobbies live longer. It may be added, truthfully I believe, that people with special interests live more happily, thereby extending their life span.

If these deductions be true, what inspiration and fulfillment in these respects has Mrs. Maude Nation Lanham's life as "Marian,"—her courage, talent, and love,—given to thousands of human beings! In the words written to "Marian" by a minister, who had been an interested reader of the Junior Journal and Register page, for years, and who was well acquainted in many of the towns in which its contributors lived, "As long as we have such young folks in our country, the future of America—its freedoms and its spiritual forces—are secure."

The resourceful "Marian" pioneered in another promotional venture, still more important and far-reaching in its results, I believe, than the two just discussed. This was the Junior Journal and Register of the Air.

"First, I was told by a member of the newspaper staff that I was to have a radio program," relates

Mrs. Lanham, "and then that I had *time*. I knew nothing about radio script; I had never even seen one. Furthermore, I didn't like radio. Every time I passed a blaring instrument, I stopped and tuned it down. Now, I was to go on the air! What would I do? I wondered. Before my first program, I drank cups of coffee, in a near-by lunch place, trying to bolster myself for the ordeal. I thought, 'If I make a flop of this—what'?"

But there was no failure. The Junior Journal and Register of the Air was well received. It was heard for the first time on Thursday, February 3, 1949, over Radio Station WCVS and WCVS-FM, from 4:30-4:45 P.M.

This initial broadcast marked the seventeenth anniversary of the children's Junior Journal and Register page, and was participated in by Maude Nation Lanham, conducting as "Marian," and by several members of the Birthday Club. One child presented a riddle, one sang, and another played a guitar solo. A young pianist played a Happy Birthday song which she had composed for the program.

Guest prizes and a large birthday cake were provided by local merchants. The cake was the one sent to St. John's Hospital, to be shared by sixteen Junior patients, recovering from polio. A recording of the first radio program was made and preserved.

Every week, after that time, with the exception of the summer vacation months, the Junior Journal and Register of the Air continued to broadcast for

five years. During the summers of 1949 and 1950, as replacement for the Juniors, "Marian" originated and conducted "Rhyme Time." This program, heard over WCVS and WCVS-FM, featured the work of Central Illinois poets, and was sponsored by the Illinois State Journal and Register, in cooperation with the Springfield Versewriters' Guild and WCVS, as a public service. Since then, occasional special broadcasts have been made.

More than twelve hundred talented children took part in the Junior radio programs during the first three seasons, alone. In addition to saluting Juniors observing birthdays during the week, five Juniors, or other groups of them, were invited by "Marian" to go on the air, to do the thing each could do best: sing, tap dance, play a musical instrument, enter discussion periods, tell a funny story, or provide the weekly riddle.

These programs were a wonderful venture in speech, and in character and leadership training, as well as a fine means of encouraging artistic talent and performance. Much good talent was brought out. Also these broadcasts were educational, as well as heart-warming. Through the ingenuity of "Marian," they were made to tie in with special observances, both local and national: Community Chest, March of Dimes, Valentine's Day, Christmas and many others.

At first, "Marian" conducted each program. During the last three seasons, she managed them with a Junior emcee, some of whom became quite expert.

Iles Grade III Sharing with "Marian"

"Sonny's" Hobby—Cardboard Illinois State Fair

Style Show—1953. "Aunt Hannah" Play Models

"Journalettes"

An outstanding emcee, as well as performer, was Donald Molnar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Molnar, of Springfield, Illinois.

Donald first appeared on the Junior Journal and Register of the Air talent show when he was only three years old. Standing on a chair, he played "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," on his trumpet.

Seemingly, there was innate talent for music in Donald. At one year old, he could distinguish music on the radio, and dance with it. He could hum a tune. On one occasion, at a local theatre, where Kay Kyser was singing "The Little Red Fox," he began humming along with him, until everyone around was looking at him in wonder.

All during the go-cart stage, he dearly loved to play the toy musical instruments, such as hum-a-horn. His mother says, "Every time I took him into the ten cent store, he discovered the horns. All he could see was a horn. If I didn't get him one, he would cry, and the manager would buy one himself."

In 1946, Donald appeared on the first TV show of Morris B. Sach's Amateur Hour, over WENR, Chicago. He blew a tooth out during the rehearsal, and, at the finish of his number on the program, Charlie Lyons told the listeners they had just heard a cornet version of the "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" done with a lisp. In spite of this, the boy won second place, and received a Gruen watch, and a check for forty dollars.

Later on, Donald was destined to entertain many people, then to act as emcee and entertainer for a

wide variety of civic and community projects, including some of his own planning for raising funds for the Polio Foundation. In August, 1949, this child musician attended the G.A.R. Convention in Indianapolis, and played for an Illinois Day reception at the Claypool Hotel. He was the only person on the program, and entertained the guests all during the reception from 8:00 to 10:00 P.M. He gave historical and novelty readings, and played the drums, cello, violin, and cornet.

When Patty Preble came to Springfield from Chicago, and, on April 23, 1956, started the program, "Afternoon with Patte," over WICS-TV, immediately, she called upon "Marian" as an interesting woman of Springfield. A series of programs was arranged, with "Marian" bringing in outstanding members of the Junior Journal and Register to perform in various creative fields.

Among these Juniors were Patty Schackman, Springfield, Sandra Coe, Rochester, and Kurt Gleaseman, New Berlin, Illinois. Also on this TV program appeared Junior Journal and Register reporters whose scrapbooks of school and club activities were chosen as best in contest. One of these, Sally Scheifinger, Lake Springfield, also did a sketch.

A group of Juniors attending the third grade of Iles School, pupils of Miss Virginia Fratcher, acted out in costume—as cooks, king, queen, etc.— an original play written by them.

An outstanding program in the series was one featuring Raymond Barnett Knudsen, Junior, and

his 4-H and FFA projects. When he talked with "Marian" about the program, Ray, whose father is pastor of the Fifth Presbyterian Church, Twenty-first Street and Capitol Avenue, Springfield, gave her a picture of himself and his purebred Montadale lamb "Marie," to use on the Junior Journal and Register page. "Marie" was really cunning, "Marian" thought, cuddled up in Ray's arms. When Ray asked if "Marie" could come along for the interview on TV, permission was obtained from WICS for the lamb to be present.

It was several weeks before Ray and his lamb were called in for the program. When they appeared, there was great consternation. She could scarcely get in through the door of the studio. She weighed nearly one hundred pounds, and it took Ray's preacher dad, and brother, to maneuver her into place. However, though it was a hot and humid day, all things considered, the program was a success, In the interview, Ray told of the blocking process in getting a lamb ready for show. "Marie" was a winner, for she placed first in 4-H, fifth in Sangamon County, and first in Montadale ewe lambs in Sangamon County Livestock Show, where more than five hundred 4-H Club members exhibited.

When "Marian" left the studio after this broadcast, she told Patte, "I will be back next week with lions, bears, and tigers!" Patte was not sure about that program, until it was explained to her that the animals would be just "make believe." They were

Juniors in costume, part of the 4-H circus put on by the "Sunny Summers" Junior 4-H Club of Athens, Illinois.

Don Carroll, 2027 Lincoln Avenue, Springfield, Illinois, is an outstanding Boy Scout who has belonged to the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club for a number of years. He was one of the fifty Explorer Scouts, all of high rank, chosen because of merit and Past Scouting experiences, by The Boy Scouts of America, to take a trip to Japan, during the summer of 1956. The U. S. Navy furnished transportation on a troop ship, carrying 2700 troops. The trip included twelve days going over, fourteen days in Japan, and fourteen coming back.

Don was scheduled for a TV program, September 10, 1956, and appeared as "Marian's" guest on the "Afternoon with Patte" show. Don's reactions on Japan were featured. He said boys of that country have about the same interests as boys of this country. Japanese boys were very cordial. All wanted autographs and letters from American boys.

Absence of furniture was intriguing. Rickshaws are now three-wheeled bicycles with a conveyance over back wheels for patrons.

Don did not like *suyiyaki,* Japan's famous dish, neither did he find Japanese cookies and candy very palatable. Most boys like candy, but the American boys did not care for the candy served in the lovely lacquered candy dishes. Rice cookies wrapped in seaweed are supposed to be the delicacy. Don reported these as sour, and very salty.

Some other Juniors who have appeared on this TV program were Mary Alice Batson, pupil of Muriel Andersen, who did a vocal number with Muriel as accompanist, and Joe Goleash. The latter is a talented pianist. Previously, he had appeared for "Marian," on the radio, and in civic programs for crippled children, and for church groups.

"Marian," herself, first appeared on television in June, 1953, while she and I were in attendance at the Mid-Administration Congress of the National League of American Pen Women, held in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

On the first night of the convention, we were interviewed by Bill Cleary in his program "Let's Talk It Over," on Radio Station WDCY. On the day following the convention, we appeared on Station KSTP-TV for both radio and television programs. I discussed and read some of my poetry; "Marian" was interviewed concerning her children's work with the Junior Journal and Register.

Chapter XIV

Influence

"Marian's" influence upon the lives of Juniors appears to be of widespread and lasting inspiration. Many of the young people who are and have been members of the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club are making good in the fields in which "Marian" encouraged them. Some have become noted in those fields, and in others, also. I could give almost endless examples, but must limit them to a few.

A young musician, Dale Eugene Westfall, was a member of the Juniors for thirteen years, until he reached the age limit of sixteen. Formerly, he lived in Virden, Illinois, but is now in Michigan. His grandmother wrote to "Marian" that Dale plays drums and sousaphone in the Gerrish-Higgins High School Band. He is very proud of his accomplishments because he is from a long line of musicians. His great-grandfather was a fifer and drummer in the Civil War, besides great-great-uncle musicians, and on down to cousins.

Charlotte Inez Kane appeared on a number of "Marian's" programs. She was a voice pupil of Diamond Vadakin Brand, Springfield College of Music and Allied Arts. She became a member of Feitshans High School Choir and girls' ensemble, and won the Music Federation Illinois State Award

for voice, in 1955. She has appeared as soloist at First Church of the Brethren, Springfield, and in many other places.

Robert F. Siefferman, now Airman Siefferman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Siefferman, Springfield, has been accepted as a member of an Air Force band. Bob, as he is familiarly called, had a one-man band when he was twelve years old, and appeared on the Junior Journal and Register of the Air. "Marian" says, "Bob would come early to WCVS to set up his band. I do not remember how many drums he had, but he played them all—big and little—and kept them in perfect time. I never could see how he could do it all by himself." Bob's father, who was then, and still is, principal of Ridgely School, Springfield, would bring Bob to the back door of the studio, then drive away.

Bob would always come to "Marian's" assistance at Christmas time with programs for Crippled Children, and others such as put on by "Marian's" Junior talent for the Rotary Club. Bob was always a big drawing card, when people knew he was going to perform.

He was a graduate of Lanphier High School, and had one year at Illinois Wesleyan College before joining the Air Force. At college, he was in the Marching Band and Orchestra, Chamber and Concert. He appeared in the Greek Idee Sing and the spring musical.

Richard Layton was another of "Marian's" Junior performers. He played the piano, trumpet, clarinet,

and saxaphone, and was always dependable. He graduated from Cathedral Boys High School, June, 1955, and now is a midshipman in U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. He signed up for concert band there.

Among "Marian's" outstanding "children" is Charles (Chuck) Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, 2800 S. Lincoln Ave., Springfield. "Chuck" is production supervisor of "Three Penny Opera," at Delys Theatre, Greenwich Village, New York. His wife, "Cherry" has played the part of a teenager, in "Damn Yankees," which has had a wonderful run on Broadway.

Mary Lee Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Foster, Springfield, sang "Ave Maria," on the Junior Journal and Register of the Air, many times. Mrs. Lanham says, "She sang like and angel, and was asked to come back, again and again for this number."

Mary Lee is a graduate of Ursuline Academy, and of Junior College, Springfield, and has also taken a degree in music education at Quincy College. She was elected to teach second grade in the Petersburg, Illinois, schools, beginning in September, 1956.

This talented girl was in the cast of "Oklahoma," at Quincy College, the first college to put it on, and she was one of the leaders in "Carousel," also at Quincy. Mary Lee sang in Springfield Municipal Opera for four years. She sings in the choir of Blessed Sacrament Church, Springfield.

When she was a teen-ager, Rita Rose Robertson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Robertson, Springfield, would come in and help "Marian" with her radio programs, either to sing, or to accompany children who could not find a musician with time enough to help them out.

In her senior year at Ursuline Academy, Rita Rose was the girl chosen from all the high schools of Springfield as the most outstanding. As a freshman in Springfield Junior College, she was active in everything the music department sponsored. Her outstanding performance in "Old Maid Thief" brought her vocal talent to considerable attention. Also, she was a mainstay in the college choir.

Rita Rose received the CYO Award, for two years straight, for being the best actress. In the part of "Tildy Johnson," she starred in "Mr. Lincoln," made at New Salem, Illinois, for the Ford Foundation. This was given as a movie at the Illinois State Fair, for several years, and, also, was heard over NBC. Rita Rose is active in the Springfield Theatre Guild.

She was chosen by Springfield Junior College as their first "Merry Christmas." This honor seems to fit well with her character. Consideration for others has always been a keynote of Rita Rose Robertson's life, and, probably this quality was strengthened by her contacts with "Marian." Recently, Rita took over part of the care of two babies who needed food and clothing. She provided clothes for the mother, with the promise, "Your babies will never go hungry while I can do for them."

On February 14, 1936, in the Illinois State Journal, there appeared an unusual valentine. It was of a little boy, encased in a lace heart and had the caption "A Valentine and a Leap Year Boy." Under the picture, were the words, "They call him Jeb. His correct name is John Edmund Boswell. He was born on St. Valentine's Day four years ago, which makes him a Leap Year Youngster."

Jeb was a Junior who made good. He is the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Fratcher, Springfield. Mr. Fratcher was foreman of the Illinois State Journal pressroom for four years. Jeb's maternal great-grandfather, August Fratcher, was with the Register for many years, when he resided in Springfield. Samuel Fratcher's daughter, Virginia, was a familiar figure at the Journal office as she waited for her father. Often, she brought along the grandson, Jeb Boswell, who made his home with his grandparents.

In 1946, stamp collecting was Jeb's hobby, before ham radio became his first love. He wrote for the Junior Journal and Register, telling of his hobby, and he sold a story to the American Philatelic Magazine. In the stamp story, Jeb told that New Salem, Illinois, is the only station where the postmark is used with the apostrophe, "Lincoln's New Salem." Jeb, also, was a newspaper carrier for the Journal.

He is now Dr. Jeb Boswell, and recently married to Dr. Lois Shirky, at Chicago, where both are engaged in medical work at the University of Illinois Medical Center.

Soon after marriage, Dr. Jeb brought his new

bride to visit the Junior Journal and Register office, and enjoyed showing her the place where he used to send stories, when he was a member of the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club. This is an example of the affection in which so many hold "Marian's" department.

"Marian's" zeal in promoting talent is shown by the fact that she invited Ene-Malle Toonekurg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Toonekurg, to appear on the Junior Journal and Register of the Air, as pianist, soon after the family arrived in Springfield. Ene-Malle is a native of Latvia. She became associate editor of Springfield High School newspaper, and was elected by the school to the National Honor Society. Also, she was awarded a scholarship to the University of Chicago. She helped direct the 1956 class play of Springfield High School.

Through her page, one of the things "Marian" emphasizes is history. Among the thirty-seven young historians whom William G. Stratton, Governor of Illinois, praised for contributing to the "Illinois Heritage," and to whom he presented awards at ceremonies in the auditorium of the State Centennial Building during the summer, 1956, was Jo Ann Janowiak, of Springfield. Her winning essay appears in the "Junior Historian." She has been a lifelong member of the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club.

Not all the Juniors followed up in the fields in which they were encouraged by "Marian" and the Junior Journal and Register outlet for their talents.

The following three are outstanding examples of some who did follow in those fields. That is not to say that "Marian" and the Junior Journal and Register were the only factors in their rise to success, or in the success of the others mentioned. Homes, churches, schools, and other elements of environment, each have played a part in their development of character, and in their success.

For the seventeenth anniversary of the Junior Journal and Register, Fred Metzke, Junior, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred M. Metzke, of Springfield, then an art student at Illinois State Normal University, Bloomington, sent "Marian" a letter in which he said:

"Dear Marian:

I would very much like to be on your first radio program, marking your seventeenth anniversary of the page, but February 1 will find me teaching art as a student, at the high school level.

I am proud to have been considered as one of the charter members for your very first broadcast. My son, Fred III, would have been proud to have heard his daddy on the radio. He would be second generation Junior. Your Junior art contests did a lot toward stimulating my early interest in art. I entered all contests for which I was qualified. This art interest in turn stimulated an increasing desire to read the Junior Journal regularly.

You have done a grand job in this department and at any time, should you need an illustration or card design, feel free to call on me."

Fred Metzke joined the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club when he was six years old. He

was a Charter Member, and did many drawings for the page, as well as taking part in the art contests.

He graduated from Lanphier High School, Springfield, and later took his Bachelor's Degree and Master's Degree in art education from Illinois State Normal University. During World War II, he spent twenty-three months in the Army in Germany, and sent back a drawing of the German children where he was stationed. Through the years, he sent many Christmas messages and drawings to the Junior page. In 1945, he drew from memory a picture of Remagen Bridge, scene of one of the battles in Germany.

Fred Metzke began teaching in Irving Junior High School, Bloomington, Illinois, and went on to become the youngest art counselor in the state of Florida. In June, 1956, he had a one-man silver exhibit at Ohio State University. During the summer, he was director of the arts and crafts camp at Florida State University. For the academic year 1956-57, he has been granted leave of absence by Florida State, to serve as guest instructor of metals in the fine and industrial arts department, Teachers' College, Columbia University.

One of the outstanding former Juniors of "Marian's" department is now in California. He is Noble Stockton, son of Mrs. Dorothy Stockton, Springfield. Noble was enrolled in the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club in 1928, and submitted stories and poems to the Junior page. Later, in Springfield High School, he showed talent in English and jour-

nalism. He became a staff writer for the Illinois State Journal, and press secretary of the Illinois State Legislature.

Now, he is Dr. Noble Stockton, having received his Doctor's Degree from the University of California, Los Angeles, in which he taught and studied. He is married and has one small son. Bakersfield City College elected him to serve as head of its philosophy department, beginning in 1956. Bakersfield is said to be the fastest growing city in America. It is a wealthy oil community, a fabulous beauty spot of California.

Roy Schoenborn was another Junior who showed ability in art. In his early teens, he entered St. John's Sanitarium, and stayed there in a complete body cast until released at the age of twenty-one.

"Marian" took him art supplies and encouraged him in his work in art while he was a patient there. He would do his sketching lying flat on his back. He even took extension courses in art while in the hospital.

The joy of seeing him complete high school, graduate from Normal University, then go on to take his Master's Degree in art and become a teacher, was a big thrill to "Marian." She says: "I know of no other one person who has overcome so many obstacles and gone so far as Roy Schoenborn."

Mrs. Jack Richard Adams, formerly Frances Grant, of Stonington, Illinois, was another Charter member of the Junior Journal and Register, and contributed to the page. She is now a widely recog-

nized poet, under the name Frances Grant Adams. She served as State President of West Virginia, 1952-54, and Mid-Atlantic Regional Chairman, 1954-1956, of the National League of American Pen Women.

October 6, 1952, Mrs. Adams, who was visiting her sister in Springfield, Illinois, gave a program of her poetry before the Springfield Branch of Pen Women. Also, while in Springfield, interviewed by Maude Lanham, she made a poetry broadcast over Radio Station WCVS. A tape recording of this broadcast was used as part of the Poetry Day observance of the Springfield Versewriters' Guild on October 15, with Pen Women as guests.

Mrs. Adams lives in Wheeling, West Virginia, and has three children who are second generation Juniors. Her husband, Colonel Jack R. Adams, Air Corps Reserve, is the mayor of Wheeling. He, also seems to have a flair for writing, and a sense of humor. This proclamation sent to "Marian," upon the birth of their third child is typical:

PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, The Lord has given to Jack Richard Adams, Jr. and Alexander Beall Adams, a new little sister; and

WHEREAS, He sent her to the Ohio Valley General Hospital, Wheeling, West Virginia, at 6:04 a. m. on November 30, 1955, weighing 9 lbs., 13 ozs.; and

WHEREAS, she is called Frances Grant Adams II, in honor of her mother; and

WHEREAS, the domestic autocracy of the Mayor has been temporarily preempted thereby;

Now, Therefore, I, Jack R. Adams, by virtue of the authority vested in me as Mayor of the city of Wheeling in the State of West Virginia, do hereby proclaim the day of November 30, 1955, as

DISTAFF DAY

and do hereby direct the attention of our citizens and their public servants to the part played by the distaff in keeping the big wheels of the city turning, and to the authority of the insigne of the white triangle in all the households of the city.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the City of Wheeling to be affixed this thirtieth day of November, in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifty-five, and of the independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and eightieth.

Jack R. Adams
Mayor

"Marian's" influence is being felt further in a very important civic, state, national and international project. Since Abraham Lincoln is respected throughout the world, the proposed $1,000,000 Lincoln Memorial Center, to include the only home Lincoln ever owned, Seventh and Jackson Streets, Springfield, Illinois, and grounds adjoining and near it, becomes international.

On the anniversary of Lincoln's birth, February 12, 1955, the day the refurbished Lincoln Home, including the upper story, was opened to visitors, a committee of the Lincoln Memorial Association proposing to direct financing the center began the business of raising funds.

Donald Molnar—Emcee. Junior Journal of the Air

Raymond B. Knudsen and Prize Lamb

Roy Schoenborn—St. John's Hospital

Dunedin Stone—Connie Kulavic and Jimmie Lanham

The project was featured, February 13, over the Paul Harvey News Program, as "Stop Hiding That House." Newspapers and many organizations took up the challenge and are backing the project. The Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs, The Marine Corps League, Daughters of Union Veterans of the Civil War, and the D.A.R. are all working for it. There are many others.

In Springfield, the children's movement to help raise funds for the Center began, I believe, in the Lincoln and Harvard Park grade schools. "Marian," and Junior Journal and Register members, joined enthusiastically. On her Junior page, "Marian" advertised and encouraged Juniors to help. She set up an essay contest on the project. This sparked considerable interest, and the Juniors, in turn, began trying to interest others. One essay submitted began with the words: "Juniors! Wake up! Illinois is supposed to be the 'Land of Lincoln,' and here we are neglecting him." After several intervening paragraphs, this essay, written by Louise Blair of St. Joseph's School, Springfield, closes, "Let's show Springfield we are not just interested in ourselves, but also in worth-while community projects as well."

"Marian" also promoted a word contest, using as a basis for word building, "Let's Preserve the Memory of Abraham Lincoln." Winning this contest brought an award to Delores Wichman, Carlinville, Illinois, for her seven hundred words of four letters. For another contest, Juniors were to design a plan suitable for a Lincoln Memorial Center.

The nation's school children raised $20,000, shortly after the Civil War to aid in financing the Lincoln Tomb. Perhaps, today's children may do even better for the Lincoln Memorial Center. Certainly, they are working hard, and in various ways collecting gifts for it.

In some schools, working groups have given themselves names. Harvard Park pupils, Springfield, call themselves Home Crusaders. Room Eleven at Iles School are the D-Seveners. The latter honored "Marian" at a birthday party at their school. Instead of serving refreshments, and giving "Marian" a personal gift, they contributed the money that would have been used for those purposes to the Memorial Center fund. Billy Peterson, of the same group, a Junior Journal reporter, when he received a top award in one of the Junior contests, gave the money toward the project. Many other children have helped in one way or another. Billy is one of four chairmen appointed by "Marian" to help in their schools.

Still another example of "Marian's" influence, and her interest in youth, is her cooperation with the Chamber of Commerce and citizens of Dunedin, Florida, in realizing one of their dreams in connection with a youth center in that city, the purpose of which is guidance of boys and girls under a trained youth director.

Dunedin is a beauty spot in Pinella County, Florida, situated on St. Joseph's Bay, midway down the coast bordering the Gulf of Mexico, and not far

from Tampa and St. Petersburg. It is noted for good water, which people carry away in bottles. One of its chief industries is concentration and preservation of citrus juices. Dunedin is the home of Norman Vincent Peale who has given several benefit lectures for the Youth Center.

This $35,000 project is known as the Lee B. Skinner Y-Teen Youth Center, and is located at 730 Broadway, Dunedin. It is a memorial to one of Dunedin's greatest boosters and workers with young people.

Lee Bronson Skinner settled in Dunedin in August 1883, and lived there for the remaining fifty-three years of his life. On October 22, 1885, Lee B. Skinner brought his bride from Chicago to live in Dunedin, and several years later his brother, Charles, brought his bride from Wisconsin. The two families lived in what is traditionally called "The Old Place."

The home at 730 Broadway, along with two other residences, was built by Lee B. Skinner himself. Mrs. Elizabeth Skinner Jackson, his daughter, who like her father has always worked with young people, inspired the memorial. The center will be the property of the national organization of the Young Women's Christian Association.

According to the Dunedin Times, the idea of building an outdoor cookery on the Youth Center property, of stones from every state in the Union, came from J. S. Huntley, a brickmason of Dunedin. Mrs. Charles Smith, a winter resident of Dunedin,

whose home is in Springfield, Illinois, read of the project, discussed it with the president of the Youth Center Board, then sent a clipping from the newspaper, and other information to "Marian."

The idea was just the sort to appeal to "Marian." She adopted the project enthusiastically. Through Mr. John Satterlee, Illinois State Journal and Register promotion head, and now assistant to the publisher, she made arrangements for an Illinois rock to be contributed to the Florida Youth Center. Mr. Lee Muller, stone contractor of Springfield, offered to secure a suitable stone. From the Starved Rock section of Illinois, so rich in history and tradition, sandstone was obtained by Mr. Muller, who then prepared it and set upon it a bronze plaque created and furnished by the Illinois State Journal and Register. The plaque shows the outline of the State of Illinois and is inscribed with the name of Springfield, home town of Abraham Lincoln, and the name of the Junior Journal and Register.

Publicity in Dunedin Times, concerning the reception of the stone, shows a picture of the stone before it left Illinois, with two Springfield children: Connie Jo Kulavic, six, who holds it, and James Thomas Lanham, also six, "Marian's" grandson, representatives of the 20,000 members of the Junior Journal and Register. Again, it is pictured being received in Dunedin by Mrs. Phil Turnure, Junior High School faculty member, and advisor for the project, and Youth Center members, one of whom is a former resident of Illinois.

Chapter XV

Extra Activities

When one considers all the work that "Marian," Modern Pioneer Woman, has accomplished in the interests of children of many races, environments, and creeds, it seems that she would have little time for anything else. Yet, in the midst of her busy life with and for children, she has found time for church work, much additional writing, and active membership in a number of worth-while organizations.

Maude Lanham's church affiliations might almost be called inter-denominational. Her earliest recollections of having any part in church activities are of playing the organ at a country church. It happened to be a Methodist church, the kind in which its members did not mind saying "Amen" when the spirit moved them. Maude's mother was that kind of Methodist.

Maude says, "Often, we were embarrassed by Mother's religious fervor. Dad, who was not demonstrative at any time, would look at Mother, rub his chin, and think his own thoughts."

Maude took organ lessons from "Aunt Polly," who went from house to house in her old buggy, and who charged the sum of fifty cents for a lesson of

about an hour. Now, the organ Maude played, at home, was not the kind we have in these modern days. It was a Reed Organ with what-not shelves for displaying bric-a-brac. It was a conversation piece in any household.

"I was only ten years old when I played church hymns," says Maude, "and Mother was very proud of me."

Since Marinda Nation loved music, she saw to it that all her children had music lessons. Maude offers some interesting sidelights on the good times the family had with their music: "They say that tape recordings are a comparatively new venture, but, in those early 1890's, we recorded music and the voice on the cylinder type phonograph. I sat at the old Reed Organ and played *The Bee Waltz* and *The Black Hawk Waltz*, also, church hymns, such as *Jesus Loves Me.* Mother would sit down to the organ, and go through a continuous repertoire of organ and mouth organ numbers, all played by ear, and often using that contraption Dad had made to hold the harmonica in order that she could play both instruments at the same time.

"We had fun, as I look back, because we were all together, six of us children, and we got our recreation from the things around us. My oldest brother, John, carried some of this fun to others. He would hitch a horse to the buggy and go around to the schoolhouses, wherever a box supper was being held and put on a performance, using our family recordings. He charged about fifteen cents to get in,

and made quite a bit of money. There was not much else for them to do, so people came."

When the Nations moved to another locality, still in Sangamon County, where the "grass seemed to be greener," they lived just across the road from a Lutheran church, so that is where the family attended. Maude's brother, Howard, became the sexton for the church, and Maude was his helper.

"We cleaned the church, sort of," says Maude. "We read all the Sunday School papers, and enjoyed the job, generally, while it lasted. I can't remember that it lasted too long."

When the family came to Springfield, Illinois, Maude went back to the Methodist church, first to Kumler Methodist, where she played in the Sunday School orchestra, not for long, and not too well, she thinks. She did not like the violin. When she was supposed to go to orchestra practice, she would leave her violin some place, while she and her chum, who later became her sister-in-law, "slipped away" and went to the dance. Maude's mother would not have permitted her to dance.

Later, Maude joined the old Laurel Methodist Church, and remained a member there until her marriage. The Reverend Thornton performed the ceremony uniting Maude with Homer Coffey.

When Maude went with her husband to live in Atlanta, Georgia, this girl who had never been away from home overnight not only found the change in the ways of the people terrific, but everything with regard to religious affiliations was strange, also. If

there was a Methodist church in Atlanta at this time, Maude says she never heard of it. Her husband's people were Baptists, and Maude declares that Southern Baptists of that period were quite different from Northern Baptists. There was some kind of line drawn between them which could not be surmounted.

Here, Maude joined the Len G. Broughton Tabernacle, which had a Sunday School membership of well over two thousand. Now, Maude was immersed. She had already been baptized by sprinkling, and by pouring, but she says that the Southern Baptists of the old school called that "dry cleaning."

"My mother-in-law was pleased with me," says Maude, "but my own mother was horrified when I told her what I had done. As for myself, I was rather mixed up with regard to denominations by this time, but, to soothe my conscience, I decided that whichever was the right way, I would be prepared."

Maude's father-in-law, Mr. Coffey, before he died, and she returned to Springfield, had asked that she bring up his two grandchildren in the Baptist church. When young W. J. Coffey went back to Georgia, to make his home there for a time and go to school, he did join the Baptist church. On the same day, his sister, Ruth, joined the Elliott Avenue Baptist Church, in Springfield, Illinois.

According to Maude, these two children of hers were, probably, in the baptismal pool about the same time, although separated by many miles.

Then, when it was necessary for her to make her home with her parents, Maude attended Plymouth Congregational Church where her mother and father, by this time, had been members for some years. Her mother had become more tolerant, less denominational. Maude did not join this church, but her two youngest sons did become members. The older two children were away by this time.

Now, Maude is a Presbyterian, going back to her ancestors, who had been members of that first Presbyterian church in Illinois. "That must be where I belong," she says, "and I will stay there the rest of the time." The church in which she holds membership is the Fifth Presbyterian Church, Twenty-first Street and Capitol Avenue, Springfield, Illinois, the historical roots of which were planted on May 17, 1909.

In this church and its activities, Maude has done many things. In 1948, she was teacher of the Lucy McKee Philathea Class, and in charge of the candle-lighting service for new officers. At one time, she was President of the Springfield Philathea Union, made up of the Philathea classes of the city. She was elected a deacon of the church in 1948, I believe. She became Secret Service Director of the Baraca-Philathea Sunday School Union of Illinois. The following poem was written by Maude, and published in the "Pathfinder," state Baraca-Philathea magazine, in which a secret service message from her always appeared while she was a state officer.

TRIBUTE TO A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

Into God's house each Sabbath Day
She goes most humbly, there to pray,
Searching for word to fight the foes
Of His great plan, and to disclose
Trustworthy guidance, save from sin
Those seeking wisdom . . . souls . . . her win;
Give depth to latent faith, thus heal
The wavering, who from lack of zeal
Crave solace of the words and song
Heard at this hour—week days are strong
Through consecrated teacher's aid.
She makes the spirit unafraid
With her brief words of quiet cheer,
Convinces all that God is near;
In Bible study of this hour
We feel His mercy, and His power.
Her golden deeds, none can repay—
God's witness on each Sabbath Day.

During the years, Maude Nation Lanham has written constantly. Many of her poems have been published in the Illinois State Journal. Here is one of them which appeared in Mr. Smith's column:

TRANSITION TIME

We hold to symbols, pranks employ
That date to antiquity;
We conjure spooks, as the pagans did
At our autumn festivity.

By Druid creed, Samon, Lord of Death,
Called together wicked souls;
Transition time, at autumn's end,
Bonfires brisk, reckoning tolls.

From Ireland, jack-o'-lanterns came,
British gave us "chalk-back" day;
Children were safe, spooks were to blame,
If dressed as adults, so they say.

Witches, goblins, spooks no end—
Their greeting always, "Tricks or treats";
Ringing doorbells, tote sack ready—
Away they scamper, share their "eats."

When the Springfield Versewriters' Guild was organized in May, 1941, Maude became one of the charter members. She has acted as vice president of the organization, as secretary, and in other capacities, even as Santa Claus at one of the Christmas parties of the group.

The guild organized with eight, and now has grown to twenty-two active members. They started out with poetry as a hobby, but using a text book for study. During the years, members of the guild have won distinction in poetry, journalism, fiction, and contesting. A number have published works, and some are selling. One of "Marian's" former Juniors, sells both poetry and short stories. As a Junior, she always submitted poetry to the children's page.

Poetry contests sponsored by the Versewriters' Guild, with several cash awards, are held annually. They are open to poets outside the guild, and many submissions are made.

For a number of years, the guild published in the Sunday edition of the Illinois State Journal and Register a column, entitled "In Lyric Mood," and

composed of verse by its members. More recently, two collective booklets of their verse were published by them: "Songs from the Sangamon" and "Prairie Rhythm."

The following, by Maude Lanham, appeared in "Songs from the Sangamon":

CAMP BUTLER

New mounds now dot the areas among
Freedom's defenders. In hallowed ground
The war dead lie. Prisoner graves are found—
Boys of the South, more than eight hundred strong,
Equal in death, the righter of all wrong.
Huge forest trees and walls of brick abound
Where once were towering stockades guarded 'round
By valiant men—a stern and mighty throng.

This camping ground so near the Sangamo,
Chosen by Butler, now serves sweet peace instead
Of war. Where millions braved the ice and snow
And learned to kill, there sounds no heavy tread
Of marching feet . . . Old memories echo low
Where Stars and Stripes guard bivouac of the dead.

Camp Butler, naturally, brought poignant reflections to Maude Nation Lanham. Like the foregoing one, many of her poems deal with her life, many are occasional.

In January, 1944, she wrote of her experiences and impressions while riding an early or late bus, as she went to work on the playground, or to night assignments connected with that work. Busses were crowded to capacity, until one could scarcely breathe.

AN EARLY BUS

An oblong box, peculiar in shape
Moving along the dark and icy streets;
Dim human shapes, seen through the window panes
Are sitting, leaning resigned, weary, calm.
This queer contraption stopped, and I jumped in,
—Grotesque humanity pancaked within—
War working mothers with their sad eyed brood—
(On way to work, leave them at nursery school)
This motivated box, moving, rolled on,
Jerking, shaking, and oh, slap happy me!
Elbows were stuck in abdomens, heads banged,
Sneezes and coughs were there to give and take.
Sweat rolling down, from lack of oxygen,
Eyes red, midst glowering looks of misery—
Is this a summary of ride to prison camp?
Not so, just an early jaunt on S.T.C.

When Maude's oldest son, W. J. Coffey ("Bud") left for San Diego for overseas service, after training, his wife, Ann, went there, too. She stayed and worked in a PX until after his embarkation, January 23, 1944. Sometimes, it would be days that she would get but a glimpse of him, for the training was constant and rugged in the Marine Corps.

After Ann returned to Maude's home, looking as though her heart had been torn from her, Maude wrote these lines:

ANN

She followed him to embarkation point
Knew loneliness for just one hour with him,
Waited and watched for step upon the stair—
Not knowing when his orders might come through.

And when he came, and told her time was short,
No word was said, for goodbye was too hard;
And then, alone, lips drawn, fixed smile erased,
A wadded kerchief but no spoken word.

She called the base, "restricted from this date,"
Sorrowfully, she made her way back home,
To re-adjust the future days alone
And carry on until this war is won.

I envy Ann the last hours with my son,
But yet feel honored for the steadfast love
Bestowed upon one dear as life to me.
I pray their mutual hopes may yet come true.

The following poem was written by Maude, for Constitution Day, 1956:

OUR FLAG

Our flag, born in our nation's infancy,
Blue stars of Heaven, red from mother land—
The stripes of white proclaim this liberty—*
Democracy and freedom, hand in hand!
It represents the people's government;
A great republic, in prosperity
Reaping the seed sown—strong and confident—
Sown by the martyrs for our victory.

"None shall abridge the right of the free press,
Freedom of speech, of law and privilege";
Answering well a praying mother's stress,
Her love for country, falling tears assuage;
The nation's charge, freedom's security—
It is a pledge of common liberty.

*These words are credited to George Washington: "We take the stars from Heaven, the red from our

mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her; and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty."

In 1955, a small booklet of Maude Lanham's poems, entitled "With Malice Toward None," was the first project to be printed by Mr. Hallie E. Holt, retired realtor and builder of Springfield, Illinois.

This booklet, made up of poems about Abraham Lincoln, is illustrated by drawings from the pen of Earl Owen Fay, custodian of Lincoln's Tomb, from December 31, 1948 to June, 1949. During the years his father, Herbert Wells Fay, was custodian of the tomb, five thousand sketches of Lincoln had been made by Earl Owen Fay.

Among the sketches illustrating Maude's booklet is one of Lincoln as a woodsman, accompanying the poem "New Salem," written after a visit to the reconstructed village when Mrs. Fern Nance Pond, distinguished Lincoln historian, was the guide. All the sketches are appropriate and interesting. There is one with "Ann and Abe," showing the two as they might have looked during their early friendship. Another, illustrating "Springfield's Lincoln," shows Abe in high top hat and shawl. A drawing of Lincoln's Tomb, with the flag at half mast, is accompanied by the final poem in the little volume:

THE TOMB

The towering tomb in Oakridge shelters now
All that remains of Abe . . . the earthy side . . .
A spot where creeds and races all take pride

In walking in the Lincoln shadow, vow
To rise above discord, and to endow
Each thought and act with deeds that will abide
And strengthen brotherhood, but not divide
Eternal justice, linking then and now.
The massive cenotaph of marble shows
Our deep respect, and as the faithful walk
Through Lincoln's door, with firm and steady beat
Through snows of winter, loyal homage goes
To resting place of one whose homely talk
And grave, sad countenance abhorred deceit.

The volume closes with a sketch of Lincoln, with a sad countenance. Beneath the drawing are Lincoln's last words to Springfield and its people:

"To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

On February 1, 1954, Maude Nation Lanham became a member of the Springfield Chapter of the D.A.R. In this organization, also, she has distinguished herself.

A special feature at the sixtieth annual Illinois State Convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held at Hotel Abraham Lincoln, Springfield, Illinois, March 11-14, 1956, an original song, "Our Illinois," won an award in the musical contests sponsored by the state chairman of American music, in competition with D.A.R. Chapters throughout the state. The words for this song were written by Maude Lanham; the music was composed by Mrs. R. O. Gaudlitz, also a D.A.R., and a talented Springfield musician.

"Shep" and His Master

Junior Royalty

"Our Illinois," with Mrs. Gaudlitz as accompanist, was sung by Muriel Andersen, Springfield, at the state banquet of the D.A.R. It has been presented over radio and television, and before Springfield Etude Club, and other groups. Also, it was presented in Washington, D.C., at the D.A.R. National Convention, April 15, 1956. It was played by Miss Cecelia Fine, Washington, D.C. Branch. Mrs. Enos Huffer of Springfield, Illinois, was the vocalist.

In the spring of 1951, when I began organizing the Springfield Branch of the National League of American Pen Women, naturally, I thought of "Marian," since newspaper women are eligible for membership under letters. Though I did not know "Marian" very well at that time, I was sure she was eligible, as editor of the Junior Journal and Register.

Maude accepted my invitation, and, when Springfield Branch was formally organized by Miss Bess Hibarger, then Illinois State President of the Pen Women, Maude became one of the Charter Members, and was chosen vice president of the Branch. This took place, July 14, 1951, at New Salem State Park, where Central Illinois Branch, N.L.A.P.W., was having a luncheon meeting to which the Springfield group was invited.

Through the years, Maude has proved herself worthy of the honor of being a Pen Woman. In April, 1956, she became the third to be elected to the presidency of Springfield Branch.

Chapter XVI

Queen Mother of Illinois

In her relationship of foster mother to Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club children, their children, and children's children, Maude Nation Lanham, as "Marian" has experienced many joys. Sorrows have come, also, and there have been some humorous incidents as well.

No matter where "Marian" goes, it seems she is almost certain to encounter some of her children. For example, while she was vacationing in Havana, Cuba, some years ago, "Marian" one day heard a childish voice call out, "Hello, there!" Surprised to hear someone speaking in English, 'Marian" turned around, and was thrilled to see a little girl who had been a member of the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club for eight years. She, too, was on a vacation trip with her parents.

Another such incident occurred at the National Biennial Convention of the National League of American Pen Women, held at Washington, D.C., in April, 1952. A young woman, who had learned that "Marian" of the Junior Journal and Register was registered as a delegate at the convention, searched her out. She wanted to meet "Marian." This young woman, then State President of West Virginia Pen Women, was the former Frances Grant, a Charter Member of the Junior Journal.

It is always a pleasure for "Marian" to receive letters, or other announcements from former Juniors, enrolling their own children or grandchildren in the Birthday Club. A new era was begun when "Marian's" page of November, 1954, carried the name of Jerri Lee Langston, sent in by her grandmother, Mrs. Albert Rader, 1502 E. Phillips Avenue, Springfield, Illinois, as a new member of the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club. This enrollment began the third generation of Juniors enrolled with "Marian."

A staff writer for the "Sun-Tattler" of Hollywood, who met "Marian" in January, 1954, while she was on vacation in Florida, with her daughter Ruth and family, marvelled at "Marian's" activities with children. In his write-up concerning this meeting, he said, "Her dimpled smile made this reporter dubious about asking a very pertinent question, so he gentlemanly overlooked asking her age . . . but age seemed a thing apart when the effervescence in her burst forth in every comment."

As in every group, so it is among as large a family as that of the Junior Journal and Register Birthday Club, deep sorrow comes, at times, "Marian" has an ever-ready sympathy on such occasions.

An example of this was shown in the case of Joseph William ("Billy") Flood of New Berlin, Illinois. "Billy" was a Little Leaguer who played on the All-Star Dutch Leonard team which was runner-up in the Springfield tournament of 1953. "Billy" passed away on May 8, 1954. In his honor, the

Dutch Leonard name of the baseball club in which he had played was changed to the Billy Flood Memorial Little League, and a plaque, honoring him, was given to his parents.

"Marian" was asked to write a memorial for the presentation of the plaque, which was to be given at a dedication ceremony to be held in the ball park before the opening of the season. This is what "Marian" wrote for the occasion:

"BILLY FLOOD—LITTLE LEAGUER

Between the innocence of babyhood and the dignity of manhood, BILLY FLOOD, LITTLE LEAGUE OUTFIELDER, who shagged fly balls like a major leaguer, and always played to win, was taken on May 8, 1954, to be with his Heavenly Father.

Billy played with heart as well as hands, absorbing the basic principles of good citizenship as taught in the rules of the game.

In honor and in memory of BILLY FLOOD, LITTLE LEAGUER, we dedicate this plaque today, on June 1, 1954, and rename the DUTCH LEONARD LEAGUE, the BILLY FLOOD MEMORIAL LITTLE LEAGUE, of Springfield, Illinois.

May the high ideals of Little League baseball, the objective of which is to build good citizens and good Americans, be ever the goal of each player in the BILLY FLOOD MEMORIAL LITTLE LEAGUE."

"Marian" in her work as children's page editor of the Illinois State Journal and Register, frequently receives reports from teachers on the unusual talents, pets, and hobbies of individual pupils. Many of these "Marian" makes use of for her page.

A Springfield teacher told "Marian" about a neighborhood youngster's unusual collie, and the lad's precocious conversations on the general subject of religious philosophy.

"Marian" invited both boy and collie, "Shep," to visit her new office. She wanted the picture of the two for her children's page. It was a busy day, however, the Saturday when they came, and no photographer was available immediately. While "Marian" sought a photographer, Mr. F. S. Haynes, Editor and Publisher of the Illinois State Journal and Register, and author of the column "Everybody's Business," came by, opportunely.

Quickly, Mr. Haynes acted. He commandeered the needed photographer from another department. Also, Mr. Haynes took time to talk with the boy, Larry, and about his dog and hobbies. Larry told Mr. Haynes of his craft activities with the playground association center at Lanphier Park, and how he had appeared on a TV program, telling of playground handicrafts.

Later, Mr. Walter Henkes, of the advertising department of the Illinois State Journal and Register, was seeking a dog to be used as a model in publicity for a new dog food put out by the world's largest producer of dog food. Mr. Haynes suggested that Larry and his dog "Shep" be used in the promotion feature.

Was Larry thrilled, when he got the word! Immediately, he began to get "Shep" ready for the big event, another picture. The lady clerk at the neigh-

borhood drug store, where Larry was in the habit of getting "Shep" his ice cream cones, told him of an excellent dog-cleaning and grooming solution. The pharmacist suggested ways in which "Shep" could be trained to carry a package of the dog food. In fact, the training of "Shep" for the big event soon became a northside project. Everybody helped.

The part that worried Larry, however, was that Larry had been told he must teach "Shep" to eat the dog food. "Shep" did not take kindly to this, though Larry tried everything he could think of to interest his pet in the new food. Finally, he said to "Shep," "Look here, I will eat it myself," and he did. The dog then tried it, and was convinced that it was good.

Larry and his dog made many friends during this preparatory period. The pharmacist did a big business in newspapers. Everyone in the neighborhood wanted to see the promotion feature as soon as it came out.

Then, Larry returned to the newspaper office one day. He was in trouble, for "Shep," who had learned to like the new food, would now eat nothing else. Larry had no more of it. The upshot of this was that, in a day or two, "Marian" found her office a dispensary of some thirty pounds of dog food.

Even though "Marian" says that she loves all of her foster children "equally," I feel sure that her own four children, and her grandchildren, now numbering five, must be nearest to her heart.

Her eldest, her Southern-born son, William J.

Coffey is so handsome and charming that he is well-nigh irresistible to his mother, and to many others, I presume. With his wife, Ann, he lives on a small acreage at the edge of Springfield, Illinois, and is, perhaps, the most care-free of all the family. "Bud," as he is familiarly called, still must have his freedom, and changes his work and living quarters as his desires dictate. When one job becomes boresome, or too exacting, he changes that, and goes on his happy-go-lucky way to something else.

He can tell a story as no one else can, and keeps his audience convulsed with laughter. If one needs a tonic, his humor can give it.

Ruth, "Marian's" Southern-born only daughter, is a hard-working farmer's wife, and a resourceful business woman. With her husband, Willard Barnes Carver, "Doc," and their two children, she lives near Bloomington, Illinois.

Once, when one of "Marian's" Juniors was in the hospital, she could not go to see him. "Marian," herself, was hospitalized at the same time for an operation. She sent her daughter, Ruth, to visit him. The afflicted lad had not talked nor noticed anyone for some time, but he saw Ruth standing there, wearing a big hat, and looking down at him. He said, "What a beautiful lady!" He never forgot "Marian's daughter. Why should he? Truly, she is a beautiful lady.

Pamela Carver, "Marian's" first grandchild, was born in Atlanta, Georgia, three days before her daddy embarked for overseas. "Doc" sat up all night

in the hospital room trying to fix the picture in his mind, of the little girl they had awaited for eleven years. When she was born, he was *Sergeant* Willard Barnes Carver, with the Ninth Armored Division, first to cross the Rhine.

The Carvers are descended from John Carver who came over to America on the Mayflower, and who was elected the first governor of Plymouth Colony. Carvers were known to be in the Bloomington, Illinois, area during the Civil War. Pamela's grandfather was William David Carver, a veterinarian, called in to treat fine race horses of the rich community in which he lived. He was known as "Big Doc," and his son as "Little Doc."

Pamela is one of the children of the American Revolution, a Charter Member of the Lieutenant James Knowles Chapter. She was eleven years old when she was installed as vice president of the chapter, on March 6, 1955, in Bloomington, Illinois.

She attended the fifty-ninth annual convention of C.A.R., April 20-25, at the Mayflower Hotel, Washington, D.C. She was a page during the election of the national officers.

Pamela attends the Benjamin F. Funk School, Community Unit Four. You can find the Carver farm, eight miles south from Bloomington, by the sign at the head of a lane leading to it. It is a Hampshire, and should the truck be visible, you can read on it "W. B. Carver and Daughters."

Pamela's sister, Cheryl Ann, is four years her junior. Both girls were named by their uncle, David

Lanham. Cheryl Ann is often called "Little Grandma" because she resembles her Grandma Lanham, "Marian," so much, in appearance and ways.

She has played the piano since before she started to school. As a kindergarten child, she looked like a little angel, with her golden hair. On the Florida trip the family took, Cheryl Ann was not satisfied with the out-of-doors Christmas decorations until she found the Baby Jesus.

James Howard Lanham, Maude's second son, has achieved fine success in the business world. This was presaged even while he was in high school. In recognition of his outstanding record, his biography was placed in "Who's Who in Illinois High Schools," in 1940.

Following his graduation from Feitshans High School, Springfield, Illinois, he completed an executive secretarial course at Illinois Business College. During this time, he worked as a clerk at the Sangamo Club. Then, until his induction into the Army, September 1, 1943, he was a stenographer in the offices of the C. & I. M. Railroad.

He had been in the Army only seven months, March 19, 1944, and was a corporal at Fort Bliss, Texas, having recently graduated from the adjutant general school of the Army Administration in Fort Washington, Maryland. At Fort Bliss, he was attached to AAATC headquarters as a court stenographer, while receiving his first training.

Jim graduated from the Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and was commissioned a sec-

ond lieutenant. He served in the Army for thirty-nine months; he spent ten months with the Eighty-eighth Blue Devil Division in Italy, at Gorizia.

Released from the Army, on September 17, 1946, he married Shirley Mae Cochran, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Cochran, 2343 S. Eleventh Street, Springfield, on September 8, 1947. At this time, he was again working for the C. & I. M. Railroad, and attending Springfield Junior College. A little later, he entered St. Louis University. His wife accompanied him to St. Louis, where he worked and studied hard. Both of his children were born there. Janet Kay came when he was a sophomore, and little Jim when he was a senior.

James Howard Lanham may seem to be a very serious young man. He can be, when that attitude is required, but he can rock you with laughter as a result of his dry wit, if you are keen enough to catch the point. The average person may not get it, until long after his *bon mot.*

Jim is now junior partner, and utility consultant, in the firm of Shumway J. Bird and Company, Springfield, Illinois.

"Marian" loves all of her grandchildren. They never cease to intrigue her. She tells this story of little Jim Lanham, son of James Howard Lanham. As a five-year-old, Little Jim started out for Harvard Park School, to stay all day for the first time. He had a new lunch box and felt rather important. Noon came, and he was not too weary, but, when school went on until 3:30 P.M., things became rather

tedious. After school was dismissed, he rushed home and into the house.

"Mommy," he said, guess what? I learned to read and write today. I won't need to go back tomorrow."

When Little Jim found that school would continue for him for a long time, he was, indeed, a sad little boy. With his one tooth out in front, his tries at whistling to keep up his spirits were rather pathetic.

David Arthur Lanham, "Marian's" youngest child, received his Doctor of Medicine Degree from St. Louis School of Medicine at its one hundred thirty-seventh annual commencement, held in Kiel Municipal Auditorium, 1955.

He is a member of Alpha Omega Alpha, honorary medical fraternity, and was president of this organization during his senior year.

David took his premedical studies at St. Louis University. Before his last year there, he was extern at Bethesda General Hospital, St. Louis. He began his internship, July 1, 1955, at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C., and, presently, is resident physician, doing special work in the field of neuropsychiatry. This is a three-year program.

He was graduated from Feitshans High School, Springfield, Illinois, and was elected to the National Honor Society. He, also, attended Springfield Junior College.

David enlisted in the Army, September 18, 1946, and received basic training at Fort Bragg, North

Carolina. He was commissioned second lieutenant on July 19 of the same year, at Fort Benning, Georgia. He was assigned to the Army finance center, St. Louis, Missouri, as personnel officer. There, he remained until his discharge.

Previous to his Army service, he had been in the Merchant Marines. He left for Chicago to join them, June 7, 1943. In her diary, Maude wrote: "My world stood still . . . in the place of my youngest son stood a man, physically fit as God would have him be, mentally alert to master whatever allotted to him. When he was gone, I sorted out his clothes, some for cleaners, others to be disposed of. I have before me 'Bud's' things, Jim's, and David's. Ruth and Pam are with me."

On Christmas of 1944, Maude was really feeling sorry for herself. Always, at the beginning of her diary entry she either composed a poem, or quoted a kind of maxim to follow. On this occasion, she did both:

"Maxim: My future is made of the present and the past; a full reservoir of deeds, some good . . . but the bad torment . . . when mind lingers on memories.

"Poem: To My Diary

When you are old, careworn, and memories creep,
And hours are long, take down this little book
And slowly read and dream; for when you look
At yellowed page, telling of anguish deep
Or joy profound, recorded day by day,
Time leaves the sweet, but takes the sting away."

David Lanham was married at the Third Baptist Church, St. Louis, Missouri, May 14, 1955. His wife Jean was a graduate nurse of the Jewish Hospital, St. Louis. She was employed at Barnes Hospital, St. Louis, at the time of her marriage.

After Dr. Lanham began work at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C., Jean was on the nursing staff there. Often, she took extra time to play for the patients, since she is an accomplished pianist.

One day, she came home and said, "Dr. Lanham, I have a problem. I have some patients that sing beautifully, and others who cannot sing a note, but insist upon being included. What shall I do?"

David answered, after a bit of thought, "Tell them they are so good they will have to do a solo."

In that way, the problem was solved.

St. Elizabeth's is the Government Hospital for the insane, so named by act of Congress in 1916. It takes its name from that of the original grant of its land to the first Catholic settlers of Maryland, and the legends coming out of the twilight of the thirteenth century, clustered around the story of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who symbolizes loving kindness extended to the poor and infirm.

"Marian's" fifth grandchild, little Ellen Elizabeth Lanham, came to live with Dr. David and Jean, on September 25, 1956. Her middle name Elizabeth is for St. Elizabeth's.

"Marian" has often compared herself to the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, with so many children. But "Marian" knows what to do. With 20,000

Juniors, in addition to their grown-up forebears, and four children plus five grandchildren of her own blood, it might seem that she would be overwhelmed.

That is not true. Always, she seems to have enough drive and ambition for something more, something new.

In 1953, "Marian," through her Junior Journal and Register page, selected the first little king and queen to preside on Children's Day at the Illinois State Fair. Choice was made through a popularity contest conducted by means of the Junior Journal and Register. Barbara Snodgrass, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul T. Snodgrass, 3219 Sheridan, Springfield, Illinois, and Billy Daughton, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Daughton, 1151 N. Third Street, Springfield, were chosen the first king and queen to reign.

The custom of having children as kings and queens to reign over Children's Day at the Illinois State Fair has been continued each year since 1953, though the area from which they might be nominated has been enlarged, and the methods of choice have varied. The first little king and queen were to be chosen from central Illinois. Since 1953, the contests have been state wide, and the winners, usually, have been those who have excelled by popular vote in a talent show.

In 1955, for the first time, through the Junior Journal and Register, a king and queen were chosen to reign on the opening day of the Sangamon County Fair, at New Berlin, Illinois. Also, there was a king and queen of Sangamon County.

Again, in 1956, the Junior Journal and Register was honored by being allowed to choose the two kings and queens, and their escorts, for the Sangamon County Fair. Following the coronation ceremonies, a two hour talent show for the entertainment of fair visitors was put on by "Marian" and her Juniors. On this year, the new $45,000 fair exposition-community building was used for the first time.

Early German settlers of this community named this rich prairie town New Berlin after two old Berlins, one, in Germany, the other, two miles north of New Berlin. This region is famous throughout the states for its fertile farms and prize products.

On October 23, 1955, a King and Queen of Hearts were chosen by the Junior Journal and Register to represent the Sangamon County Heart Association. They were an important feature of the United Funds Campaign parade in Springfield. Also, "Marian" selected escorts for Santa Claus to Governor William G. Stratton's Christmas party for children, at the state armory, December 1954, and again in 1955. This, also, seems to have become a custom.

So, in many ways, "Marian's" soul reaches out and is perpetuated in the lives of children, their children, and children's children. She who has crowned so many kings and queens, and who has influenced for good thousands of children, as well as having reared to good citizenship four of her own, deserves a crown. Truly, she may be called Queen Mother of Illinois.

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MARIAN": MODERN PIONEER WOMAN. SPRING
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